



1966

## The Pacific Historian, Volume 10, Number 3 (1966)

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# The Pacific Historian

A QUARTERLY MAGAZINE / from the University of the Pacific / SUMMER ISSUE 1966



Der getäuschte Goldgräber.

# The Pacific Historian

An illustrated quarterly of California-related Western history for both professional historians and general readers who are members of a sponsoring organization: the *California History Foundation*, *Jedediah Smith Society*, or *Westerners Foundation*. Minimal dues are five dollars per year (see the back cover for details). Any library may subscribe. Published (and copyrighted © 1966) by the CALIFORNIA HISTORY FOUNDATION of the UNIVERSITY OF THE PACIFIC, STOCKTON, CALIFORNIA 95204.

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# 1966 Summer Issue/Vol. X, No. 3

*Der Getäuschte Goldgräber*

Cover

This engraving of *The Disappointed Gold Miner* aptly illustrates the three articles in this issue, each of which gives perceptive insights into lives of ordinary men in California in 1849 and the early 50s. Even in the *Cogswell Journal*, despite the author's obvious effort to be objective, there is indication that for most miners, rosy visions of wealth soon turned dun and dour. *Der Getäuschte Goldgräber* is from the rare *Amerikanisch Deutsche Encyclopädie*, Columbus, Ohio, 1862.

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# Speaking of People

About men who have made California history  
or have helped to keep the records correct.

TWO CALIFORNIANS, both notable as doers as well as historical scholars, and both active in the Jedediah Smith Society, have died in recent weeks: CHARLES M. GOETHE and CARL I. WHEAT.

DR. GOETHE, 91 at his death, was born to wealth and influence as was his wife, the late MARY GLIDE. Their "We2" partnership was devoted to human betterment through conservation, eugenics, and the Christian faith. DR. GOETHE found inspiration in history, and led in bringing JEDEDIAH SMITH from shadowy obscurity into recognition as a notable explorer and exemplar of Christianity. The Jedediah Smith Redwood Grove, in northern California, was a GOETHE philanthropy. DR. GOETHE will be remembered by many because of the steady stream of brochures and booklets from his Sacramento address.

A future issue of the HISTORIAN will attempt to tell the life-story of this remarkable man.

Professionally, CARL I. WHEAT was an attorney who won fame as public utilities counsel for Los Angeles, but he will be remembered longer as a bibliographer and as a historian. Like DR. GOETHE, he was fascinated by JEDEDIAH SMITH, and a classical example of his scholarship is the collaboration with DALE MORGAN on *Jedediah Smith and His Maps of the American West*, published in 1954 by the California Historical Society. And perhaps more to him than any other is due the revival of that odd-beat society of the '49ers, E Clampus Vitus.

The human side of great movements and moments fades in accounts of the summarizers called historians.

So we are rather glad to present in this issue three personal documents that light up the '49 gold rush to California. They are authentic pictures, unretouched.

All that is known of P. V. FOX is told in JUSTIN G. TURNER's account (page 4). And MR. TURNER would welcome any word from readers to add to his slender store of information. His address is 2389 Westwood Boulevard, Los Angeles 64. The name TURNER is well known among American collectors of such *ephemera* as manuscripts, letters, and diaries. While his avid interest may lead some observers at book fairs to assume his vocation is in this field, by rigid personal discipline he keeps it auxiliary, if not subsidiary, to an investment business.

MOSES PEARSON COGSWELL, like RICHARD HENRY DANA, JR., who is remembered for his *Two Years Before the Mast*, might be called a Boston Brahmin (see page 12). In the 1840s he was a partner in Cogswell and Rand, dealers in building materials, and his trip to California was to explore the California market.

COGSWELL took passage on the ship *Sweden*, described in a contemporary newspaper advertisement as an "Elegant Coppered and Copper-fastened A No. 1 packet ship." The *Sweden* was one of three ships named in honor of the Swedish Nightingale, JENNY LIND. Later P. T. BARNUM would bring her to America to sing for \$1,000 per night.

COGSWELL died in San Francisco in 1850, possibly from disease contracted during the journey around the

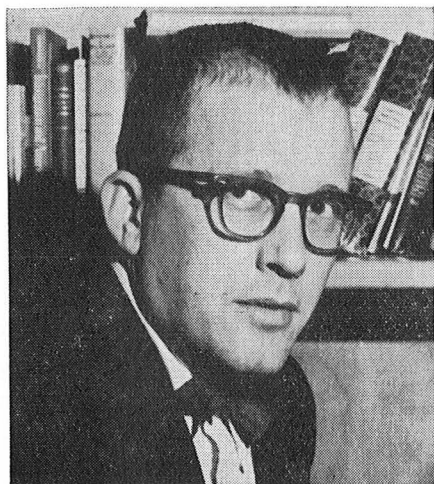
Horn. His frank account of San Francisco in '49 carries the overtone of informed but informal conversation, rare in journals of the period which so often are little more than weather and health reports.

San Franciscans even of '49 were different—or becoming so. Five years later the almost encyclopedic *The Annals of San Francisco* (New York: D. Appleton, 1854, p. 338) reported that they were “a wild, perverse race,” going on to say: “They are immoderately fond of fun and devilment still; and anything of a spicy nature,—from a simple fall in the mud, or the kissing of a pretty girl, up to the five thousand dollar bribe of a senator, or a municipal papa, or grandpapa being caught lurking about the premises of a jealous man, flies like lightning or their own great fires, over the whole city.”

It was a way-of-life not followed by PETER Y. COOL, whose comings and goings are kodaked in his 1851-52 journal (*see page 19*). Dr. WILLIAM A. CLEBSCH, of Stanford University, has done extraordinary research to interpret it against the backdrop of California economic, social, and religious history.

“Libraries,” he says, “strike me not

*Dr. Clebsch*



*Mr. Turner*

just as storehouses from which to pluck what I want but as worlds peopled with the thoughts and deeds of men calling me to stop and to listen.” He glowed when he found at Huntington Library in San Marino, Calif., “the smudged, sweat-stained day-book that told the routine tale of the normal bad luck of a scrupulous fellow, PETER Y. COOL.”

DR. CLEBSCH took his B. A. at the University of Tennessee, but his academic adventures have taken him to Virginia and Union seminaries, and Clare College at Cambridge University. For twenty years he has taught courses dealing with the place of religion in American history, and has written widely in his field. In 1964, Yale University Press brought out his *England's Earliest Protestants*. His view is that the history of religion is inadequately understood just by looking at churches and their leaders. “The real stuff of religion,” he says, “has to do with people, their hopes and hurts, their successes and failures at shaping the world.” And this is why he was fascinated by the *Journal* of PETER Y. COOL—and now shares it with you.

—YOUR EDITORS

# P. V. Fox of Mokelumne Hill

By JUSTIN G. TURNER

DURING THE AGES, man has aspired to the fulfillment of his hopes and dreams, has known the despair of bitter disappointment in adversity, and has shed himself of friends and family in search of "a breeze of prosperity" and happiness.

Among the many who sought to reclaim their lives in the goldfields of far off California during the gold rush was one P. V. Fox.

Fox resided at Medina, New York. He holds no eminent place in history; he was not listed in any biographical dictionary wherein prominent figures have found a secure place for posterity. He was just an average man, a small-town school-teacher who became involved in business financial difficulties; yet a man of considerable courage for he left behind him the woman he loved, his family, everything when "something whispered me constantly—'Better go to California'."

Fox, a married man, was still in love with Louisa M. Newton, an old flame from Johnson Creek, Niagara County, New York. In a letter dated June 23, 1852, from Mokelumne Hill [California] where he mined for gold, he writes: "My dear Louisa: My creditors would be impatient for their pay before I should be able to get it for them and this I could not bear. . . . Now hope tells me that in about a year I shall be able to see you again, pay off all demands against me and have enough left to provide us a comfortable home & we yet be happy in each other."

Problems continued to beset him for in this same letter to Louisa, penned with a smokey lamp at his elbow, he states: "I do not expect to make more than \$4. or \$5. per day this summer on account of scarcity of water but next winter will be more favorable as there is a great extent of rich diggings that can be worked then that cannot be now. . . ."

Water, in some instances, and not gold, was responsible for wealth to those who had the relatively small capital to

*No portrait of Fox is known to exist, but this print of a '49er depicts his kind—lonely, yet able to grin before breakfast.*

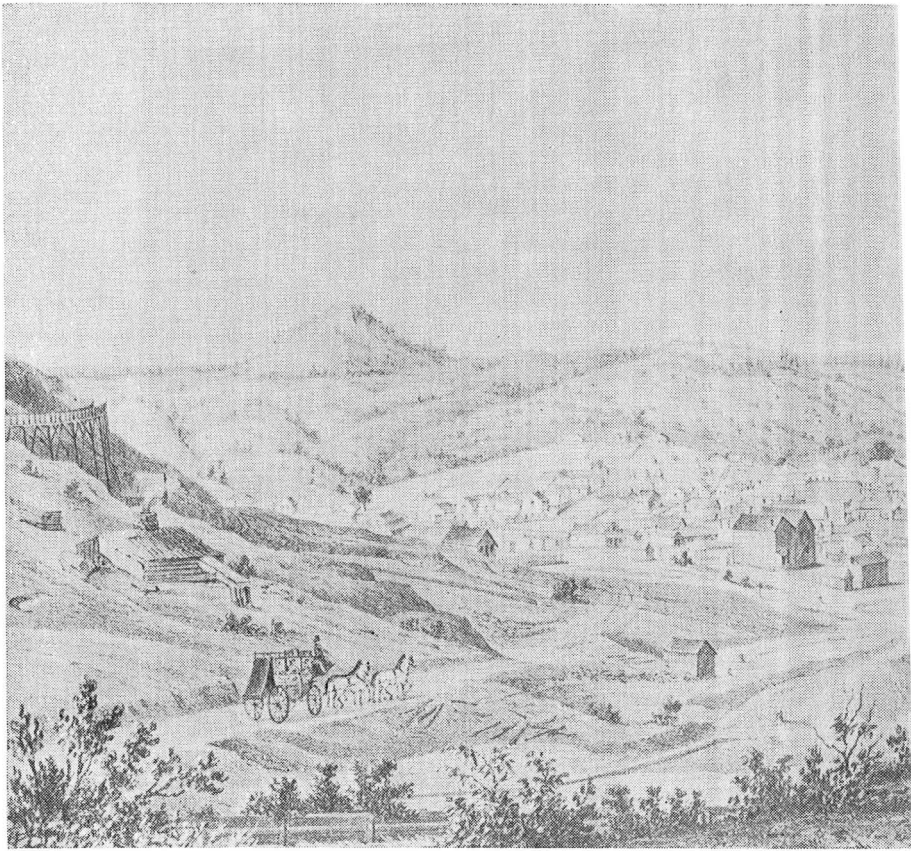


invest—which Fox did not. In a postscript to this letter, he writes that the company bringing water in from the Moke River sold shares at \$100 per share and “in an hour the whole stock \$100,000 was taken and the books closed.”

Although married to Ida, Fox still carried a torch for Louisa for some time. It is interesting to note the contrast of his long three-page letter to Louisa with the short one-page letter written to his wife, Ida, some six months later, in December, 1852. He states that two weeks have passed without making any material change in his situation and that he is at a loss for a subject for a long letter, etc.

Six months later he seemed to have undergone a change of heart since his affection for Louisa wavered and died. Fox's attitude toward his wife had altered for the better, possibly because his affair with Louisa had deteriorated.

In any event, in his letter of May, 1853, Fox replies to Ida: “. . . you have exercised so much fortitude while I have been so unsuccessful . . . I could send you another draft today, but expect to use all I have got to purchase tools. . . . You are anxious to have me come home, if I cannot do better here.” and then the spectre again: “. . . but how *can* I return without making enough at least to pay my debts. . . . If I have my health, I feel quite sure that I can make \$1000 the next year—& I think more. Last year that was too small a sum. I ‘played for a big strike,’ & lost. . . . You think I ‘had better come home & we will go West & commence on a small scale.’ Who can tell but we may yet live on a scale sufficiently large to be happy & what more ought we to desire. . . .”

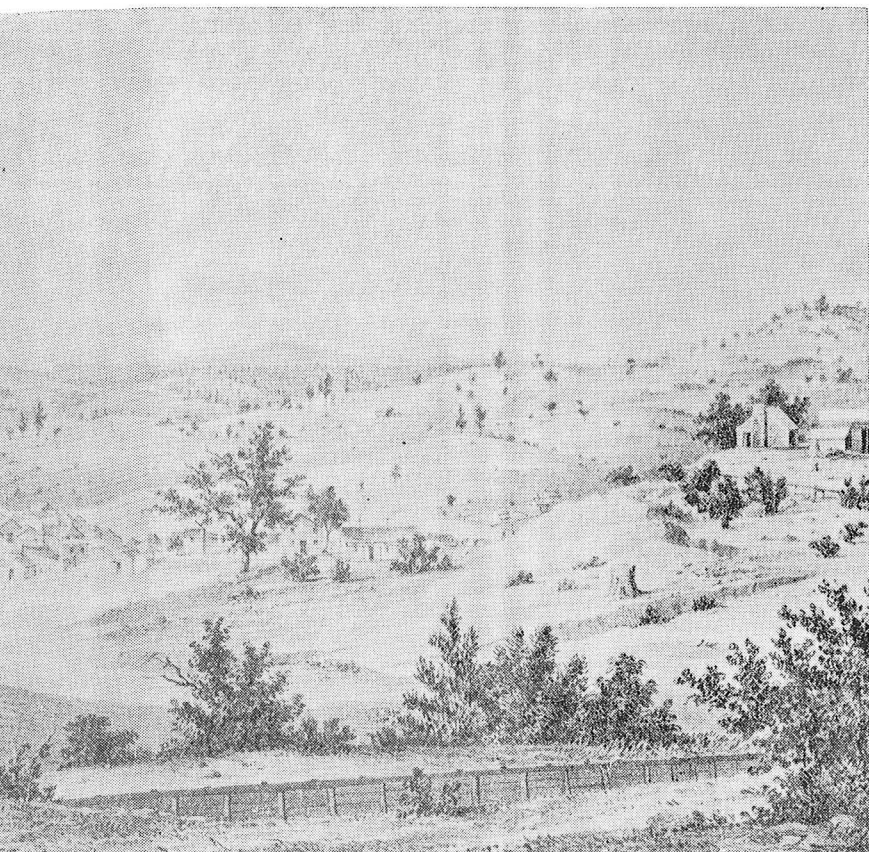


The last letter from Fox to his wife, written February 23, 1855, from Mariposa, California, indicates that all is well between them. He writes: "I have often told you the happiness I feel when the 'white winged messengers arrive,' reassuring me of the wealth I possess in a true and trusting wife. Need I recapitulate the value I set on so inestimable a treasure?—Nay, words cannot express the emotions that thrill my heart always when contemplating this subject."

With the passage of time, Louisa probably became only a tender memory and if Fox was sincere in the comments expressed in his last letter, he and Ida were reunited and let us hope, lived happily ever after.

There are those who do not forget that man, when in difficulty, needs an expression of faith from an intimate friend, as





*Mokelumne Hill in Calaveras County, California,  
about as it appeared when P. V. Fox lived here. From  
a lithograph of 1856 by Charles C. Kuchel and Emil Dresel.*

we read in a communication to Fox from Louisa's brother, T. B. Newton of Johnston's Creek:

"... You have been unfortunate and have lost all your worldly wealth, but is not the same power that took it from you able to restore you tenfold? Take courage then and though fortune should frown for a time 'All things must work together for good' or the promise of the Eternal must come to nought....

"Forget the past," Newton encourages, "dream not of the future, but remember the present and go ahead from the vocab-



ulary of words that shall form his history. There is no such word as fail."

Toward the conclusion of this lengthy epistle the spectre of Fox's indebtedness rises once again like Banquo's ghost to plague him. Newton writes: "Father and Mr. Servass meet with some considerable difficulty in settling your business. Some of the creditors are quite uneasy while others are gentlemanly and easy." And Newton closes his letter with a hint that nowhere does man escape problems, whether he stays put or goes afieid:

"We are all usually well, but rather sick at heart, on account of our grain crops giving a very unpromising appearance."

So do we have a complete insight into a man of Fox's nature, of whom there are so many today even as yesteryear. The dreams, the hopes, the aspirations, the flight to a far-away place to do better—a place where the big gamble can take place.

History does not record what finally happened to P. V. Fox, his wife and Louisa, his family, friends and his creditors. Perhaps he did make that big strike after all. Perhaps he returned home, pockets empty, his bills still unpaid.

Perhaps his wife joined him in California. Perhaps not. Who knows?

All we do know is that man in his optimism will always continue to strive, in every way he can, to succeed. Sometimes he wins, sometimes he loses. Mostly, he does the best he can, in the way he sees best to bring happiness to himself and those he loves.

The P. V. Fox letters, a part of this author's collection follow:

Aqua Fria May 8th 1853

My Dear Ida

Last thursday I received another letter from you written March 11th & soon after you returned from Rochester. I was not disappointed to learn that you were in low spirits. In fact I had expected to hear that you had become discouraged before, & have been much gratified, that you have exercised so much fortitude while I have been so unsuccessful. The next letter you would receive, contained a draft of \$50.; & four weeks ago I sent you \$120. more, & hope you have appropriated as much of it to your use as would make you fully comfortable. I could send you

another draft today, but expect to use all I have got to purchase tools if I should go at my trade. I have already written you that I was negotiating for a place, & hoped to be able to inform you by this letter upon what terms. But "large bodies move slow," & I am yet unable to do it. You say "hope deferred, maketh the heart sick," but I have learned that it is best not to fret, but keep cool & "mind the main chance" here as well as at home. "There will be *some* way provided." You are anxious to have me come home, if I cannot do any better here. I assure you, you are not more desirous to see me, than I am you, but how *can* I return without making // enough at least to pay my debts. I believe I can do it, & when you can know that I am doing well, & have a prospect of not only paying all demands against me; but getting something to provide us a home; you will be more contented. If I have my health, I feel quite sure that I can make \$1000 the next year—& I think more. Last year that was too small a sum. I "played for a big strike," & lost. My policy now is, a "sure thing." We have had considerable rain this spring which has been very favorable for miners. The water is failing now; probably we shall get no more rain. We had a snow storm the 28th of Apr. In some places it was four inches deep. But most of it went off the next day, & the hills & valleys are again covered with flowers presenting a beautiful appearance. I saw some flowers the middle of Feb. On the plains they come out sooner. I saw some fine turnips and radishes in market here last week. They were raised on the Merced bottom. Farmers are now haying and soon will be harvesting. The climate is fine—the trees are clothed with thick foliage—the air is perfumed with flowers of various form & hue, making the scenery both odorous & picturesque; while the feathered tribe seem anxious to contribute to the fascinating scene by pouring forth their sweet music. I cannot contemplate such scenes without feeling the strongest desires that you could enjoy them with me. I have selected many pleasant groves as the site for a cottage, & wished—Oh that I could spend my days with my family and friends in so delightful a place!

You think I "had better come home, & we will go West & commence on a small scale." Who can tell but we may yet live on a scale sufficiently large to be happy & what more ought we to desire. I feel more encouraged than I have for the last three months. I will send money to you as fast as I can make it, & before six months may we rejoice in being free from debt. I wish you would tell Mr. Servass I would be greatly obliged to have a list of my Creditors & the amt. I am indebted to each. Where is Dr. Blakesly? I have not written to him as I do not know where to direct a letter.

I wish you would give yourself as little uneasiness as possible about the taunts & gossip of those that pretended to be our friends in prosperity & have proved themselves otherwise in adversity. I fear no permanent injury from the influence of such. My health is good. I will enclose five

dollars in this letter which may be of service to you. I must write to Newton, as he has the promise of a picture.

Give my regards to all the friends. Yours ever

Peren

Mokelumne Hill June 23rd 52

My Dear Louisa

Your letter of May 2nd I recd. by yesterday's mail. I expected you had heard from me by the letter I wrote you from San Francisco. But it seems such is not the case & you are more & more unreconciled to my being away. You must now be in possession of two or three letters written since that time in which I have as fully described my circumstances as their limits would allow. I have also written to Philo, & Lindsley & Poler & in my last letter sent you what will get t "The sino" as Elder Furman calls it. I have no doubt many of your fears for my safety & prosperity have fled no more to return. But I am aware that this is poor compensation for my absence. I *know* the depth of your love—that it is too pure to be satisfied with anything save that on which it is bestowed—whether worthily or unworthily I may be too much interested to decide. *I do feel greatly blessed* to be the recipiant of it even here so far away from you. Yes I believe it is an invaluable safeguard in temptation for not only in the silent watches of the night when all nature is shushed in repose does your spirit seem to commune with me imparting a holy influence—but as // I mingle with the multitude & am conscious that on every side are large oaks fallen—many marriage covenants broken, & souls sinned—your image fills my mental vision & I am safe. *Yes Safe*, for I could not return to you with any expectation of being happy, should I prove unfaithful. If I am permitted to return to you you shall have the satisfaction of resting your head on an *honest bosom* & feel the beating of a *true heart*. But why assure you of this? I know your confidence in me is unshaken. I am sure you will bear with me as I feel a strange satisfaction in our peculiar circumstances in reassuring you of my constancy.

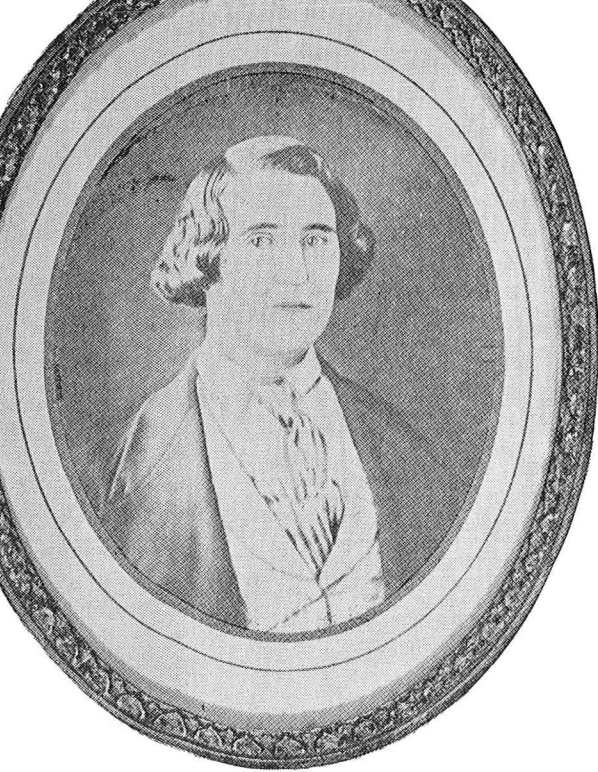
You say I am remembered by you in your private devotions—that the protecting care of our heavenly parent is invoked in my behalf. I could have guessed it by my own feelings for I have felt in a greater degree my dependence on him—a resignation to his will, & a desire to be guided in all things by his counsel.

I attend church quite regularly & have formed acquaintances with some of the members whom I highly esteem. There will be a quarterly meeting here on the 3rd & 4th of July.

If I were there you would not let me leave you you say. Could I have known that you would have felt so unreconciled I would not have left you. // The path of life is thickly dotted with acts that experience proved were errors in judgement. Many a leap is taken in the dark. the result we cannot know till afterward. My failure in Median so affected me I

did not feel that I *could* commence there again. It might have been the best thing for me but I could not feel so. Something whispered me constantly—"Better go to California." I am here; & have no regrets that I came except the unhappiness brought on my family by being separated from them & which to me is the unhappiest event of my life. But if I had staid there I was sure to be perplexed & harassed in business which would continually destroy my peace & it would require years to be relieved from my embarrassment [sic]. Besides I was likely to have many advising some wishing me to do this another that, & others something else & each perhaps dissatisfied if I did not heed *his* counsel & reject the rest. My creditors would be impatient for their pay before I should be able to get it for them & this I could not bear. Again our situation was keenly felt by *yourself* & the exertion you would make to remove the load could not be sustained by your constitution & the result would be constant ill health—the bane of happiness. Now hope tells me that in [Interpolated] I send you a copy of the "Christian Advocate" [probably the *California Christian Advocate*, a Methodist publication]. about a year I shall be able to see you again, pay off all demands against me & have enough // left to provide us a comfortable home & we yet be happy in each other. If I return this summer (& I feel each letter I get that I ought not to stay away from you) it will prove worse than if I had not come at all. But I am here & if you can be content to let me stay till next summer I think it will be much better for us. I do not expect to make more than \$4 or \$5. per day this summer on account of scarcity of water but next winter will be more favorable as there is a great extent of rich diggings that can be worked then that cannot be now. We expect the report of the engineer who surveyed the route to bring the water from Moke river today June 24th. It is thought there will be no doubt but it will come. We may expect lively times when it does. The weather is exceedingly warm. The mercury has stood at 112° Fahrenheit in the shade, & over 100° for several days in succession. It is not necessary to take No. 6 to perspire freely especially at work in the sun as I have been. Monday night I had a bilious attack something like dysentery but have succeeded in throwing it off & now feel pretty well. I have worked pretty hard for some time & think I will rest the remainder of this week. Sampson gets along very slowly. We think he has taken improper diet he has changed & is doing much better he has not heard from home since he left. Spencer we have not heard from since I last wrote you. I suppose he will go home soon.//

[The following are notes along the side of p. 3 and at the top of p. 2]: I have just learned that the books of the water company have been opened for taking stock. The shares are \$100. each & each subscriber limited to 10 shares. In half an hour the whole stock \$100,000 was taken & the books closed. The stockholders meet tonight to make arrangements to prosecute the work. [*The letter ends—without a signature.*]



*Moses Pearson Cogswell—from a photograph taken before he sailed from Boston for California, March 1, 1849, for a rough journey 'round the Horn.*

MOSES PEARSON COGSWELL was born at Canterbury, New Hampshire, in 1822 and died at San Francisco in 1850. Of distinguished ancestry, he could claim relationship with Ralph Waldo Emerson, Oliver Wendell Holmes, William Henry Harrison, Rufus H. Choate, and "Long John" Wentworth, early mayor of Chicago. Cogswell was typical of the young New Englanders lured to California in '49. On the packet ship *Sweden*, he sailed 'round Cape Horn, a five month journey.

*His unusually interesting diary is preserved at the New Hampshire Society archives in Concord. Several portions were published in Historical New Hampshire, December, 1949. This excerpt is presented through the courtesy of Mrs. Russell B. Tobey, the Society's librarian, as the current instalment of the PACIFIC HISTORIAN SCRAPBOOK. Readers are reminded that the P-H SCRAPBOOK is a cumulative collection of out-of-print pieces on Western history especially favored by the readers who call them to our attention.*

*We welcome new proposals.—EDITORS.*

# San Francisco in August, 1849

By MOSES PEARSON COGSWELL

*Thursday, August 9th, 1849:* The Sailors and Cooks are independent now, and leave the officers to get along as they can. Our committee have left for the Mines and we expect them to return in about ten days. Then we shall know where to move. In the meantime we have taken a job to put up a House forty feet by eighteen and all framed, for which we are to have eight hundred and fifty dollars. We expect to make about twenty dollars a day for each man employed. This is not considered anything here, although were I in Boston I should hardly be willing to believe it. The Bark Rochelle arrived from Boston this forenoon. She left home some five weeks before us. Thus far our Company gets along first rate and have every prospect of so doing although many companies separate on their arrival and sell their provisions. We think that they will miss a figure in so doing for if they work they must eat and pay high prices.

*August 10th:* Ships are arriving every day from New York and Boston. I see many men here whom I have seen in Boston. Dr. Franklin truly says that "time is money", here it is genuine "Gold Dust". A man in business will scarcely spare time to speak with an acquaintance. Every minute brings in the dollars. The Wharves present a more busy appearance than in Boston. The streets are piled up with Goods of every description, Boxes, Bales, Hhds and Barrels are heaped up all along shore, and lie there in perfect security. The punishment of Theft is; to be sent home in a "Man of War", which is the worst that can be inflicted except, perhaps Death. Hundreds of Boats are crowding ashore loaded with goods from the ships which have just arrived, each crowding in for the first chance to unload. Small Boats and Scows are worth more than Ships, for they can be used, in the Bay and bring in the Dust.

*August 11th:* Large ships can be bought very low indeed, because it is impossible to hire a crew to get them home. The Ship *Architect* of New York, which is the best looking ship here, and cost about fifty-thousand dollars is now offered for sale at nine thousand. Two and three thousand dollars is freely offered to men to sail a ship to any Atlantic Port. No one will go, they can make more here. More than a hundred large ships lie here at Anchor and to all appearances now they will rot here. Lumber is in great demand and is now worth \$3.50 p. thousand feet. With out Boat this forenoon we picked up a Plank on the beach worth perhaps forty dollars. There is no end to the clothing thrown away on the beach. Many arrive here and have no money to pay their passage and freight up to the mines. Consequently they must either sell their things or throw them away unless they can earn money to pay their passage.

*August 12th:* A person can easily pick up a good outfit if he chooses. It



costs three dollars a Month to store a Chest in this City and I shall pay that rather than throw my things away. Money is worth five per cent a Month interest in the safest hands. Butter and Cheese are in great demand. Butter is worth a dollar a pound, Cheese 50 cts, Salaratus four dollars, Molasses only 1/ a Gallon.

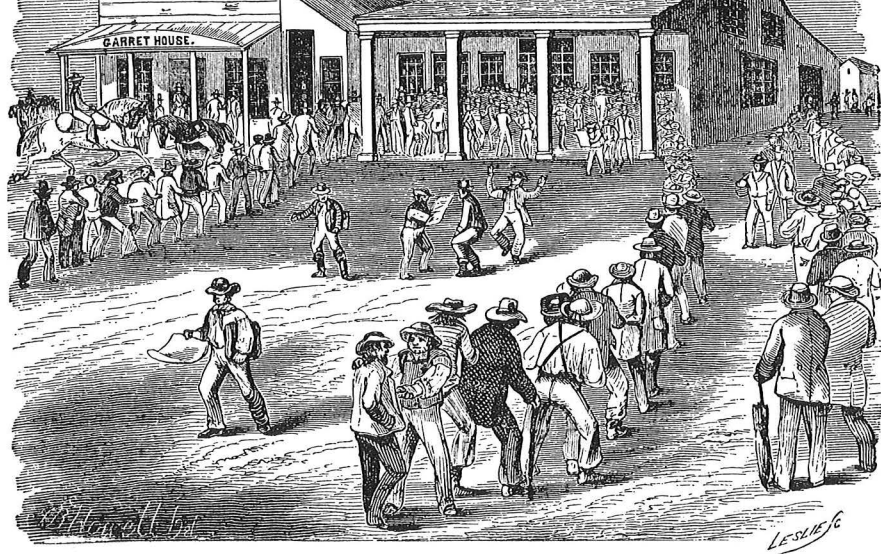
Thus it is, there is no stable price for anything. The Merchants trade on the principle, to get all they can for every thing. It is astonishing to see the Buildings and Tents that are put up every day. Nearly one half the stores are in Tents. When there is not room inside they stowe them all around the Ship. The Buildings are generally small. There are however three or four houses of two stories well painted with green Window blinds and look like New England cottages.

I think as everyone else does that this will be a large City in a few years. There is every chance in the world to build Wharves and stores near the water. The only drawback seems to be the difficulty of procuring lumber. It is now the dry season and the land looks barren, but still I think it will bear well if cultivated. It seems like a dream to me to hear them talk here of prices. One says. "I am working here a few days; but I don't make more than fifteen dollars a day"! Two of our Company went to work yesterday for Sixteen dollars and board themselves. Tomorrow we are to commence our job on the House and also to build a Boat.

Today being Sunday we are lying around on the ground or in our Tent, and resting our tired limbs. Some have gone to Church and others are roaming around in the woods and on the shores of the Bay to see what they can find. I shall busy myself in reading and writing. After working all the week I find my limbs very stiff and am glad to rest on the Sabbath day.

*August 13th:* Our party went a hunting yesterday returned late at night having a hard time to row the Boat back. They shot a wild steer in a drove of several hundred, and taking off his hide on the spot, brought home some good Beef. They also shot about a dozen nice large Curlew. A man is said to form an opinion of a country, its climate &c. by his first impressions. Should I form my opinion of California by what I have seen thus far of its climate, I am sure it would not be a favorable one. In the morning it is always calm and foggy till about 10 O'Clock when it clears away and the Sun comes out very hot and clear till 4 O'Clock in the afternoon, when the clouds come rushing down over the hills and the wind keeps increasing til night. The dew is like a drizzling rain in New England.

*August 14th:* Nearly every one of our Company has had a severe cold and cough since they have been on shore and most have had a slight Diarrhoea. The latter disease we suppose to be brought on by drinking the water and the cold by the horrid thick fog. In the published accounts of California the climate is said to resemble that of the "south of Italy". If the climate of San Francisco is like that of Italy, I shall never be tempted to go to the "Sunny Italy". The tide runs very strong in the Bay in the afternoon, so much so that it is difficult to row a Boat and many Boats get adrift. Some New Yorkers in the next Tent



*San Francisco, 1849; Waiting for the mail  
at the post office at the corners of Pike and Clay.*

picked up a Boat which the owner calls worth \$800. and they charge him \$400 for saving it. The "Alcalde" here makes people walk straight in settling accounts. Capt. Cotting has found it out to his cost. He refused to pay some of his men who left him and paid dear for his whistle.

*August 15th:* Gold Dust is going about here quite thick. I saw today some fifteen or twenty men washing out gold from the sand in the streets of San Francisco. Whether it is the sweepings of the shops or is washed from the original sand, I am not able to determine but am rather inclined to the former opinion. A man who had been digging showed me his proceeds and I should judge that there was an ounce of it. He says that it will not pay for washing. There is the most Motley collection of Human Beings here that was ever seen in one place. Negroes, Chilians, Spaniards, Mexicans, Indians, Germans, English, Chinese, Kanakas, and every other nation under Heaven not excepting the worst looking set of Yankees ever known. The City however seems to be quite American and is becoming more and more so every day. It must eventually become a great City, especially if a Railroad connecting it with some City on the Mississippi should be built.

*August 16th:* There is every chance in the world to build Wharves and for the safe Anchorage of Vessels without number. Those, however, who have been some time here represent the north storms in the wet season to be very severe and say that most of the Ships now at Anchor will "drag" and drift ashore during the Winter. Every afternoon now there is a very strong tide, indeed, setting in to the Upper Bay. The ground is very dry but the soil looks rich and may, I think, if cultivated be made to produce well. In one or two Gardens I have seen Flowers looking beautiful and in every little valley there

is an endless variety of wild flowers notwithstanding the drought. On "Yerba Buena Island" opposite the City there is the thickest growth of underbrush I have ever seen, shrub Oaks, Hazel bushes, and an endless quantity of a garden Herb which in New Hampshire we used to call "Southernwood".

*August 17th:* From the immense quantities of this Herb, the Island takes its name. We saw on this Island Goat, Rattlesnake, Blackbirds, Humming Birds in great quantities, Bank Swallows, Curlew, *Peeps*, the White Gull and several other kinds of Birds. We saw several men drawing a Line but they caught only a few Fish and those very small and I should judge worthless. There is no wood of any size near San Francisco and Wood and Coal must bring a high price for several years. I am much disappointed in the Country about here in that respect, having formed an idea that it was very heavily wooded. At a distance of twenty miles it is said to be very different. There cannot be a dirtier place than this. It is useless to attempt to wear good clothes. The sand and Dust fills the air and covers everything every afternoon. So in order to keep clean one must venture out only in the forenoon.

*August 18th:* An old adage attributed to Dr. Franklin runs in this wise: "Early to Bed and early to rise Makes one healthy, wealthy and wise". In San Francisco this maxim is exactly reversed. In the morning the Fog is thick enough "to cut up into pieces" till about nine O'Clock and we make it a point to lay in Bed till the Fog clears away and we can breathe. I cannot yet decide that this is an unhealthy City. Here are thousands of men of all nations, rushing in here after long Sea Voyages and months of illness, turned on shore with hardly a shelter and commence working hard. Their living is irregular, their Beds poorly aired and everything else which might breed disease and yet it is more healthy than any City of its size in the world. Had I a good House and plenty of Money I think I could live happily here and enjoy myself.

*August 19th:* The Steamer Panama from New York arrived yesterday afternoon bringing two hundred and Fifty passengers and a very large Mail. Some of us succeeded by paying ½ dollar each in getting a Boston and New York paper and its contents were eagerly devoured. These are the first newspapers we have received and were printed June 30th. By some oversight our friends have neglected to send Papers, thinking perhaps that we should find a plenty here. She was 21 days from Panama.

The present Alcalde is very popular and makes no boys' play in punishing criminals. The "Hounds", a party of villans who came here from N. York, and who seemed to think that *here* they could do what they pleased and defy all law, found in the present Alcalde a man not to be trifled with. It seems that they had been rather riotous and one day commenced an unprovoked attack on a party of Chilians in the plaza or public square. They were not satisfied with beating them but followed them in the evening to their tents, which they tore down, shot one or two persons, ravished their women, and committed other shameful outrages. They were promptly arrested, tried, found guilty and sentenced to be sent home and imprisoned for ten years. They were accordingly

placed on Board a Sloop of War "Warren" and are to be sent home. One who escaped was arrested in Stockton and hung without judge or jury.

*August 21st:* Today a Mexican was found shot through the head in the woods about three miles from here and near the Mission of San Jose. The ball had entered the back of his head and came out under his jaw. Beside him lay his Gun and a rabbit and two Quail which he had shot. His body was brought to the City, an inquest held and another Mexican, who had been seen in his company arrested as his murderer.

The longer I stay here and the more I get used to the climate and mode of living, the better I like it and with my present feelings think I could be contented to live here a number of years provided I could make money all the time. If I could not, I would much rather return to Massachusetts. Ships are everyday arriving from Boston and New York. The Bark *Oxford* arrived to day in 222 days from Boston, which is long enough in all conscience.

*August 22nd:* Ship *Duxbury* arrived from Boston this forenoon with 90 passengers in 197 days, forty three days longer than we were, on the "winding way". No Ship yet has had a passage at all to be compared with the "old *Sweden*", and our living, Comfort, &c. we are entirely satisfied with, now that we hear the stories of others. It is amusing to hear the yarns of many passengers and rather than to be beat we tell some pretty long ones ourselves. There were many bets between the Ship *Charlotte* and the *Sweden* before they left Boston on the length of their voyage. They intended to sail on the same day but she sailed four days after us. We have beat her however as she has not yet arrived and we have been here 20 days. A letter from our Committee informs us that the Country up the Sacramento is much more beautiful than here and that the prospect is good.

*August 23rd:* To-day six of us took a sail up to the head of the Bay. We went I judge 20 Miles. The shores and sand-bars are lined with birds of all kinds, and millions in a flock. Some small Islands are completely covered with them. We landed on the Main Land at the base of a high mountain where was a small House and two Tents. There were six or eight men standing about the House and on the side of the Mountain a flock of Sheep and a very large Herd of Cattle were feeding. The Valley, although very dry, was covered with wild oats and flowers. We left about 4 O'Clock "P. M." and the wind blowing fresh stirred up the waves so that our Boat was every moment in danger of upsetting. Never in the severest Gale we saw on board the old *Sweden* did I feel as unsafe as I did on our passage across the Bay and right glad was I when Punkinville hove in sight and we found a good supper awaiting our arrival.

*August 24th:* Our "exploring Committee" returned to camp about eleven last night, having been absent about a fortnight and obtained much valuable information. During all that time they have slept in the open air on the ground and travelled above two hundred miles. They visited "Sacramento City", "Vernon" and the mines on the Yuba River. They think it advisable to proceed

there as soon as possible and carry all our provisions which we can. Consequently we have decided to follow their recommendation and try our luck in digging Gold. They say it is folly to talk of getting such enormous sums as many do or have done. With *hard* work and good Luck they think a man may get perhaps ten thousand dollars in a year. If I can get that amount methinks I shall feel satisfied and hope for "better times". The weather now is very hot there, almost insupportable.

*August 25th:* Very many who came here thinking it was very easy to pick up Gold, feel some discouraged when they find that they must dig in the heavy sand some fourteen feet deep to get it and I doubt not that many who had good easy situations at home would gladly exchange all their prospect of Gold for a reinstatement in their old situation and circumstances. Very difficult are my present feelings. I felt ere I left home that I had dangers and difficulties to overcome and hard work to perform and therefore am not disappointed in the least. Indeed I find everything better than I had expected. Here as at home or any where else in this wide world money must be obtained by hard work and the only difference is, we can get it faster here and "eighteen Carats fine" at that.

*August 26th:* Sabbath day in "Punkinville"; ("Punkinville" as the little Cove or valley where we are encamped is called) is at the present date quite a busy little place. There is perhaps 20 Tents here of all sizes and descriptions. Probably in these Tents there is 200 Men. We busy ourselves all the week as we best may earning something and at the same time getting ready to go to the Mines.

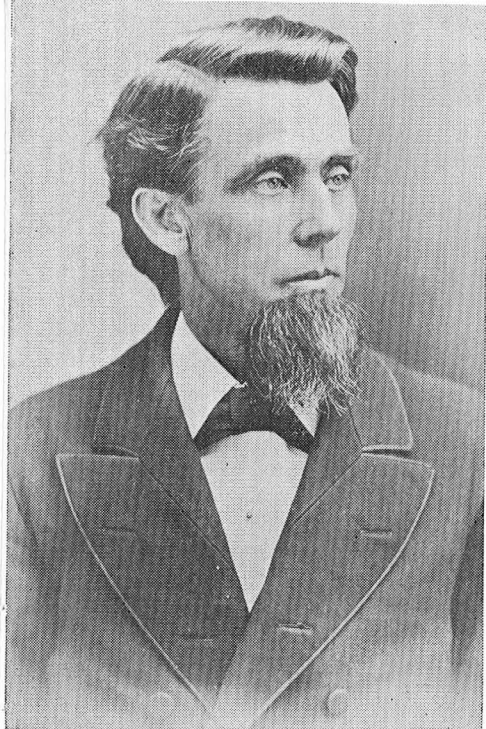
We are in no great hurry as we wish to get gradually accustomed to the country and climate. Besides it is growing cooler and more healthy in the mines every day.

The Sabbath, I must say, is not kept exactly holy in Punkinville. Many take this occasion to walk about Town see the fashions and so on, while others go hunting or fishing. Some wash their Clothes, some have letters to write or journals, and others have nothing to do but Loaf about the Tent on the Chests or on the grass outside. There is no regular work done here on Sunday and the day is much respected. Many attend Church up to the City or in Happy Valley and some few read their Bibles at home. I expect to see no Sabbaths till I see Massachusetts.

This is the greatest place in the world for stories and no one can tell what to believe. No two that I have seen from the mines tell the same story, about the climate, the manner of digging, or the extent or quantity dug in some stated time. I have come to the conclusion that the only way to find out is to go and see and if nothing happens we shall see for ourselves before a great many days. As near as I can judge this is a wild country and beats every thing else ever known, not only Gold Mines, but in everything else, except *women*.

[*This ends the Diary of Moses Cogswell. He died in February, 1850, probably of diseases contracted on the arduous trip around the Horn.*]





—Huntington Library

# Goodness Gold, and God

The California mining career of  
PETER Y. COOL, 1851-52. A journal  
transcribed, edited, and introduced  
by DR. WILLIAM A. CLEBSCH, of  
Stanford University.

IN MID-19TH CENTURY AMERICA many men who stretched their spirits in simultaneous pursuit of personal morality and material plenty, of cultural polish and Christian purity, found grave conflicts inherent in these pairs of values. It is not unreasonable to suppose that of all the century's episodes, perhaps excepting the Civil War, the California Gold Rush produced the setting which most exacerbated those conflicts. Maybe most Forty-Niners and men who followed their trail in the early '50s prized gold above all else. But there were exceptions, men who nourished aspirations equally for goodness and gold, graciousness and God, in full knowledge that life at the mines made the fight all the harder. These learned that virtuosity in piety or morality rendered wealth rather less attainable and that the mining region was hardly the place for the cultivation of culture.

There is recorded the struggle of one such man, a man whose diary tells how he tried very hard for seven strenuous months to gain all four goals at once. He began with no money, the bare rudiments of gentility, a fervent yet unfulfilled piety, and an earnest personal ethic. During these months he got just enough gold to pay his way. Increasingly he focused his moralism on abstaining from drink. Study and public speaking improved his mind. He experienced assurance of his salvation. Both in and between all these efforts there arose conflicts. The eventual resolution of his struggle came afterwards, by forsaking gold for God, by entering a walk of life where piety and morality coalesced and which left his capacity for sophistication unstretched, and by making a marriage that brought a certain measure of material security. But this later resolution does not dim the poignancy of the earlier struggle.



Such wrestlings appear from jottings in the pocket day-book of one Peter Y. Cool during the last half of 1851 and the opening days of 1852. Just when he reached his majority, Cool became a miner; he was born on 20 May 1830 in the town of Aurelius, county of Cayuga, state of New York, the son of Abram and Margaret Angle Cool. While still a child he was permanently crippled in one knee, but the journal never laments that lameness. Before he set out for California he had been converted to the Methodist brand of Christianity. On 13 August 1850 Cool arrived in San Francisco and by mid-1851 he was familiar with the great mining country of Calaveras (now Amador) and El Dorado Counties. There he met "Father" Isaac Owen, the pioneer Methodist missionary of the West, and there he was much affected by the spiritual heat generated at Cold Springs Camp Meeting. There he joined one mining partnership after another, apparently favoring pious partners as much as good prospects. There he attended lyceum meetings as debater on assorted topics, temperance society meetings as denouncer of demon rum, and prayer meetings as exhorter of faith, and in these roles the lure of oratory infected him. There he tended the sick and was tended when sick, buried the dead and feared his own death. There he engaged in "gramatical discussion" and read writings on self-culture. There he scorned as immoral the nudity of Indian squaws (one was "all comparatively naked" and Cool was fascinated), the treachery of unscrupulous miners, the "degridation of females . . . dancing in the public houses." There he lusted after gold and repenting the lust still sought the gold. There he hoped for letters from home and yearned to go home. All this and more he scribbled down in rude cursive script on the pages of his day-book.

Because Cool married into a prominent family, some few of his papers were preserved. Thus the little journal comes down to us. Its arrangement was peculiar, with the Sunday entries at the back of the book, not in the regular order of days. But Sunday were Cool's days of rest and reflection as well as of worship (he missed church only one Sunday during seven months, perhaps because of a legal summons). Since these were his best days, the transcription sets the Sunday entries in chronological order and uses them to begin the paragraphs. There is some uncertainty over the order of days in early January 1852 but there are not many of these before the journal ends, and the lapses do not mar the narrative. Into the booklet went some notations of names and places and finances having nothing to do with the story; these have not been transcribed. There can be no hope of restoring Cool's original punctuation. Apparently at first there was nearly none of it, and the later redactor who tried to remedy things merely made a mess of them. Since Cool's script rarely shows preference for capitalization (if indeed he had any) it has been supplied by the editor.

By altering Cool's uninterrupted syntax this inevitable editing unfortunately somewhat revises his rhetoric. A special effort has been made to keep his own running style intact at the two most richly descriptive entries: that of his profound religious experience on 28 December 1851, and the front flyleaf

sketch of San Francisco (which is placed at the end of the transcript). The former is a fine example of a Methodist's assurance of salvation, full of detail and perfectly convincing. The latter is an amateur's attempt at a word picture, and it is impossible to know just when the composer so rapturously viewed the City and Bay; most likely it was on Thanksgiving Day (27 November 1851) when he went down for some equipment and, after church, "repaired to Telegraph Hill."

Gold became harder and harder to come by, and Cool came by less and less of it. So far, the diary tells of one more miner's failure. But as his affairs worsened his piety increased. The crescendo of religious fervor appears partly in his activities but even more in his rhetoric. A not unusual Sunday routine included morning class meeting followed by services with preaching, then temperance meeting in the afternoon and prayer meeting at "early candle lighting." Interest in midweek prayer meetings and less formal religious exercises swelled as time went on. But most significantly Cool's description of his spiritual (not to say strictly religious) affairs becomes ever sharper, more richly introspective, always more positive—even as it remains terse. His syntax is that of a spiritualist, almost a Quaker. Words and thoughts come as it were by inspiration from without and they need neither punctuation nor logical connection. Yet within this stream of consciousness the settings of his experiences loom large: weather, places, food, buildings, persons, landscape. This naturalism even includes fascination with quantities: of attendance at meetings, of distance, of time, and most of all of . . . gold. So if the spiritualistic syntax is that of a Quaker, Cool is still the Methodist for he knows just where and when and amongst whom his heart is warmed or chilled and his pockets emptied or (too seldom) filled.

So Cool records this struggle. He wants gold but he will not surrender God. He is morally prudish but he glories in holding by eloquence and knowledge his audience's attention. The climax both of experience and of narration comes three days after Christmas when, in Calaveras County, Calvary's benefits become most unmistakably his. Yet the subsequent entries are not unimportant. Back for gold he goes.

The day-book both begins and ends quite abruptly, and thus its entries narrate an episode—or, at best, a chapter of autobiography. Yet more, for the story that accords with the actuality of this man's own life takes on the plausibility of any man's living, and becomes in spite of itself real narrative. Cool's journal is at once history, his story, and just story.

The remainder of the man's career is of course connected with the episode of these months at the mines, but accidentally not necessarily. It was not long afterwards when the Reverend Jesse L. Bennett on 12 March 1852 authorized him "to exercise his gifts as an Exhorter in the M. E. Church." Then at the Quarterly Conference, Volcano Circuit, Sacramento District, California Conference, Methodist Episcopal Church, on 25 November 1852 Cool was

December, SUNDAY, 28. 1851.

Had the privilege of pub-  
licly avowing my self a  
disciple of Christ, by par-  
ticipating of the Lord's Supper  
which was administered  
by Rev Jesse Bennett of  
W.C. Moore was in charge  
respects quite like those  
which I had witnessed  
on former occasions, it  
was not administered in  
the Hall palace. At which  
was decorated with all the  
art and accomplishment  
of life, and the streets  
of the same were not load-  
ed with the grandeur of  
a fashionable world. Was  
corresponding with the  
cabin in which we met  
(which was in Volcano in  
Calaveras County Calif)

consisting of a few pine  
logs rolled together and  
piled on top of each other  
until sufficiently high  
for a man to stand erect  
with a few planks split  
from the same. which  
answered for a covering  
while my flooring was  
that which. God declared  
unto Moses was holy  
and bade him take from  
his feet his shoes which  
separated him from  
it, wore the recipients of the  
holy institution. Poorly  
fed and comforted  
and never did  
I witness greater and more  
invaluable exhibitions of  
God's approbation than

Typical pages from Cool's worn and sweat-smudged Journal, transcribed, edited, and annotated by Dr. Clebsch.

"authorized to labour as a Local Preacher . . . so long as his walk and conversation are according to the Gospel of Christ." That would mean the rest of his days. By 1854 he was admitted to the Methodist California Conference as a minister, and he received successive appointments to Volcano, Santa Cruz, San Jose, Centerville, Watsonville, Placerville, Santa Barbara, Los Angeles, Nevada, the Santa Barbara District as superintendent, Compton, San Diego, and Florence. In 1855 he married Sarah Mahala Aram, daughter of Colonel Joseph Aram, well-to-do California pioneer. Peter Y. Cool retired from the ministry in 1881 and on 6 November 1882 at University, California, he died.

Cool's pocket day-book is transcribed and published by generous permission of The Henry E. Huntington Library and Art Gallery, San Marino, California, where it is filed with the Aram Papers as AR 27, Cool, Peter Y., Journal 1851-1852, and through a grant from Stanford University. Biographical data are in the same collection; AR 31 includes the certificates of status in the Methodist Church which are cited above, and a biographical clipping from *The Weekly Radiator*, Methodist Episcopal Church, Grangeville, California, under date of 19 February 1898, which cited the *Minutes of the . . . Southern California Conference of 1897*. Cool's life was written up as "A Sketch of the Life of a Pioneer" in the *California Christian Advocate*, 23 January 1883.

—W. A. C.

[*Sunday 15 June 1851*] Class meeting at 9 A.M. Disappointed of preaching but in its stead had a glorious prayer meeting. Temperance meeting<sup>1</sup> again in the evening a very interesting time indeed, liberal attendance. P.Y.C. [16] Started prospecting quartz in company with H. F. Green, M. Walton, [and] J. Lane. Encampt at Indians Springs with Mr. and Mrs. Southerland.<sup>2</sup> Slept in a hay stack with H. F. Green and J. Lane. [17] Left Indians Springs for Sacramento City for blasting tools in company with Mr. Stephens and Fuller of Illinois; put up at Mr. and Mrs. Lords. [18] Started at sun rise. Saw one antelope. Arove in the City about nine oclock A.M. Attended prayer meeting in the evening. Had a very interesting meeting indeed. Men and women attended. [19] Left Sacramento for the mines; walked thirty miles. Started [when] sun about two hours high and when we stoped it was about two hours higher. Had a queer sensation about five oclock P.M.; thought my friends were praying for me. [20] Continued our journey; arove to our quartz

- 1 It hardly needs to be noted that temperance men were a minority among the early gold miners of California, but Cool's diary shows that already in 1851 a temperance group met each Sunday in Fort John (see footnote 3). After he moved to Amador City, on 11 September 1851, nearly a month elapsed before he recorded having attended and addressed such a meeting there, where the group met on Wednesday evenings. Cool served as secretary of each group (see entries for 8/13 and 11/19).

The Fort John society antedated the formation of the Grand Division of the Sons of Temperance at Amador City on 9 September 1851; see *History of Amador County, California, with Illustrations and Biographical Sketches of Its Prominent Men and Founders* (Oakland, Calif.: Thompson & West, 1881), p. 327.

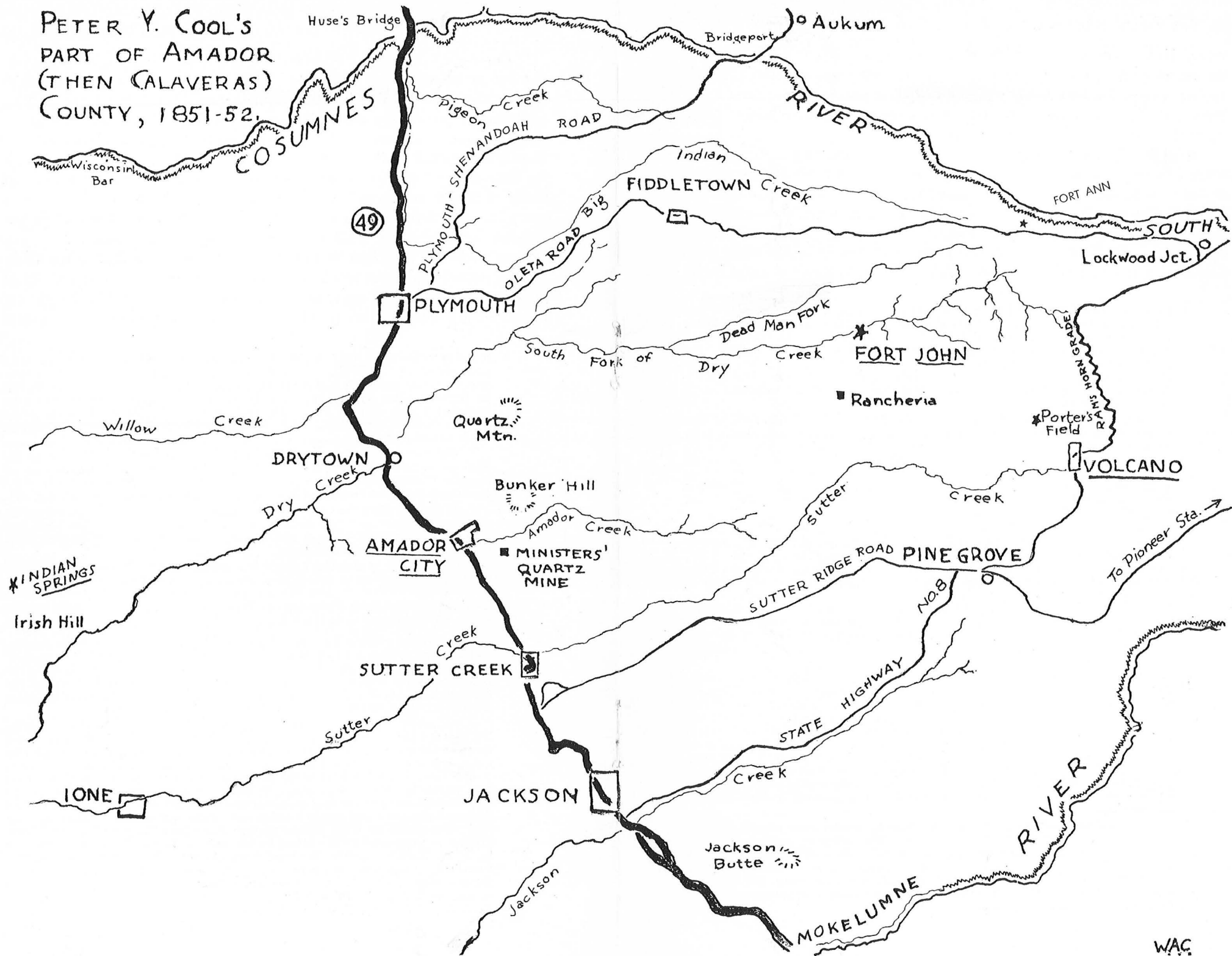
At another place the same volume claimed too little in ascribing temperance organizations to a time "As early as 1853 . . .," *ibid.*, p. 280. When Cool first noted having attended a temperance meeting at Amador City on 8 October 1851, the society there was well organized.

The *History of Amador County* is a collection of quite miscellaneous but very detailed information drawn from official records and from the recollections of old timers. Elizabeth Ann Sargent, ed., *Amador County History* (Jackson, Calif.: Amador County Federation of Women's Clubs, 1927), is a little booklet which tells little about Gold Rush days.

- 2 The diary opens with Cool en route from the mines to Sacramento. By 21 June he had returned to Fort John via Marysville and Indian Springs. Fort John remained his base of operations until 11 September, but he made frequent journeys: to the Cosumnes River bottom, to the Cold Springs camp meeting, to the Forks of the Cosumnes, to Amador City and Volcano and Fort Ann. See subsequent footnotes for the identity of remote or forgotten places that Cool mentioned.

Indians Springs was a common place name in the Sierra Nevada foothills, but this one can be located. Jack Sutherland had two ranches in the area which in 1854 became Amador County. One was near Plymouth, the other on Dry Creek below Ione in the old Arroyo Seco tract. See *History of Amador County*, p. 67. Cool met Sutherland at the latter place. For Indian Springs Creek, as it was known in 1866, flowed westward along the northern boundary of Arroyo Seco Ranch, one and one-half miles northwest of Irish Hill, and it joined Willow Springs Creek two and one-half miles east of the Sacramento County line and four miles southwest of the Willow Springs. See *Official Map of Amador County California, Approved by the Board of Supervisors, Drawn from Actual Surveys* by J. M. Griffith, County Surveyor, 1866 (Lithograph by Britton & Co., San Francisco, in the Amador County Library), Jackson, Calif. (cited hereafter as *Official Map of 1866*.) John Sutherland conveyed tracts of land near Ione to various parties in the mid-1860s; see *Amador County Deed Book I*, p. 780; *Book J*, p. 757; *Book K*, p. 425; Amador County Court House, Jackson, Calif.

PETER Y. COOL'S  
PART OF AMADOR  
(THEN CALAVERAS)  
COUNTY, 1851-52.





veine. News from our partners which we left to prospect the veine were very discouraging. Stopped at Mary's[ville] and made a temperance speech. [21] Left Indian Springs for Fort John,<sup>3</sup> satisfied of quartz prospecting. Found J. W. Steuart at the house [who] came on a visit from the Amadore mines. Commenced a letter to M. Y. Brock in answer to his.

[Sunday 22 June] Class at 9 A.M. Disappointed of preaching at 11 oclock, had a prayer meeting. Temperance meeting at 3 P.M. Prayer meeting at early candle lighting. [23] Commenced work by the day at \$5.00 per day for H. F. Green and Co.<sup>4</sup> My partner S. E. Faurot commenced at underhanded game but got caught in the act and caused a dissolution. [24] Continued my daily labour with Green and Co. This is the first I have done for wages since I have been in California. Never so neigh broke. [25] Never so neigh broke

- <sup>3</sup> Fort John has disappeared from sight and memory in Amador County. It was all but forgotten in 1881, when one old timer lived there and recalled its better days in the 1850s when it rivaled the flourishing town of Volcano. It was an early mining camp, where two or three Forty-Niners were killed by Indians. See *History of Amador County*, pp. 214-15, where the presence of Cool and Thomas Rickey and Rickey's son James at Fort John in 1850 was noted. The *History* remarked that Fort John was at a limestone deposit on a flat, but did not locate the old settlement.

*Official Map of 1866* shows "Fort John Falls" on the South Fork of Dry Creek below its confluence with a stream draining Russell Gulch. These falls, about three and one-half miles northwest of Volcano, were near a flat with much limestone where a county road (unnumbered in August 1965) fords the South Fork of Dry Creek. There can be little doubt that this flat was the site of Fort John. The flat is at a point midway between Bench Markers 2063 and 1989 as shown on U.S. Department of Interior *Geological Survey Map of Pine Grove, Calif.* (N3822.5-W12037.5/7.5, 1948).

Professor Rodman W. Paul of the California Institute of Technology taught me that names like Fort John and Fort Ann (see below, footnote 13) are un-Californian. But apparently the Gold Rush immigrants used the name "Fort" as "descriptive of orographic features." See Erwin G. Gudde, *California Place Names, A Geographical Dictionary* (Berkeley and Los Angeles: University of California Press, 1949), p. 119; but Gudde did not list Fort John and Fort Ann. Fort John not only rivaled Volcano in 1850 as a thriving settlement, but boasted the first school and the first church in the area that became Amador County. See H. E. and E. G. Rensch and Mildred Brooke Hoover, *Historic Spots in California, Valley and Sierra Counties* (Stanford, Calif.: Stanford University Press, 1933), p. 15.

During the time covered by Cool's diary, these places—Indian Springs, Ione, Amador City, Fort John, Volcano, etc.—were in Calaveras County. Amador County was formed 10 May 1854 from that portion of Calaveras County lying north of the Mokelumne River; subsequent enlargements in 1855, 1857, and 1863, came from El Dorado County to the north, and in 1864 the easternmost third of Amador County became Alpine County. See Owen C. Coy, *California County Boundaries . . .* (Berkeley: California Historical Survey Commission, 1923), pp. 66-67. Thus the bases of Cool's operations were all within what is now Amador County, and his diary records his leaving that area only for trips to Sacramento and San Francisco and for the camp meeting in Cold Springs, El Dorado County.

- <sup>4</sup> The Green Company was formed at Fort John by miners from Illinois, some of whom are named in Cool's entry for 6/17. The company prospered briefly, according to *History of Amador County*, p. 203, where Green's first initial is given as "J." The partners with whom Cool worked when he first went to the mines in 1850 and until the beginning of his diary are unknown, but he was a typical Gold Rusher in that he entered first one company and then another, and never liked to work for wages.



since I left home. Had scarcely money [sic] enough to buy a meal of victuals. I made a raise of one lb. crackers and made four meals of them. [26] Received a letter from A. Cool Jr. and was obliged to get trusted of the express man until I could raise one dollar and fifty cents which was the charges. [27] Continued my daily labour for H. F. Green & Co. Felt very much disheartened, rather on the home sick order; still indisposed to go. [28] A treaty held with the Digger Indians on the Cosumne but the Americans could accomplish nothing; their presents were not received by the Indian.<sup>5</sup>

[Sunday 29 June] Preaching by Rev. Mr. Glover. Temperance meeting at 3 P.M., the Society addressed by Rev. Mr. Glover. Prayer meeting at early candle lighting. [30] Spent the day in idleness on account of my partner['s] trying to play the scoundrel with me but he got caught at his own game; spend the day very disagreeably *in deed*. [1 July] The duller times I have seen since I had got in the country. Began to think what I had left for gold, all which made life dear and sweet; felt as if I was home I would stay there contentedly. [2] Made two dollars in the fore noon. Wrote A. Cool Sr. in the after noon; felt as if I should liked to have carried it my self, but could not and do justice to my employer or else perhaps I should have done so. [3] Took my pan and shovel and went prospecting. I was very low in pocket but had the extraordinary good luck to pan out thirteen dollars and seventy five cents good for H. F. [4] Spent the day in solitude and meditations. Took a 4th of July dinner at J. Moore['s] & Co; had an excellent dinner for the mines. Had a prayer meeting at the Church at early candle lighting, F[ort] John. [5] Went prospecting with Mr. Sherman. Made six dollars; paid it out for the support of the gospel. Preaching in the evening by Rev. A. L. S. Bate[man].

[Sunday 6 July] Love Feast at 9 A.M. one of the most soul-refreshing times I ever enjoyed in my life. Rev. A. L. S. Bateman wanted me to take license to exhort. Two services through the day. [7] Stacking hay on the Cosumne Bottom for our summer's consumption. On our return to Fort John met three Indians, one squaw all comparatively naked. [8] Commenced stripping our claims with a horse and cart, in company with [word illegible] Ashton, J. S. B. Jewett, & other members of the Methodist Episcopal Church in Ft. John. [9] Continued stripping in the afternoon. Made preparations to go to Camp Meeting at Cold Springs,<sup>6</sup> Aldorado Co. It is about 40 miles from Fort John. [10] Left Fort John for the camp meeting in company with J. Bartlett, L. Bentley, J. S. B. Jewett, [and] J. Lane; did not reach the encampment that night. Stopped six miles out. [11] Arose this morning about 9 o'clock on the

<sup>5</sup> Cool is here apparently recording reports, not observations. Note especially his eye-witness account of "the Indian fandango" on 11/1, and footnote 20.

<sup>6</sup> "Cold Springs, beyond the confluence of Hangtown and Weber creeks about five miles northwest of Placerville, was one of the liveliest of the early mining camps in El Dorado County. . . . The name persists today only in the designation Cold Springs School District, while the grass-grown cemetery on the hill alone bears witness to the life which once animated the now-vanished town."—Rensch and Hoover, *op. cit.*, p. 87.

camp ground and a hallowed place it was. Preaching at 11 by the celebrated Briggs, pre[ceded] and succeeded by prayer, & preaching a[t] 3 P.M. by the same, which was succeeded by prayer indressed by Bateman.<sup>7</sup> [12] Prayer meeting at sun rise; preach[ing] at 9 by Bateman, followed by prayer; preach[ing] at 11 by Owen, P[re]siding E[lder], succeeded also by prayers; preach[ing] 2 P.M. by Wood, succeeded by a Quarterly Conference. I [was] appointed Stewart. In evening by Oliver; ten professed to experience a change of heart.

[Sunday 13 July] Camp and Quart[er]ly meeting: 800 attendants, 25 women, 64 communicants, 3 ladies included. One Montey dealer converted and baptised by immersing. Five eloquent sermons through the course of the day—the best day I've seen in California. [14] Preach[ing] by Oliver at 9 A.M. succeeded by prayers. At 11 A.M. preach[ing] by Owen, P.E.; meeting broke up by each member bidding each member fare-well, the most affecting scene ever witnessed; some were slain to the ground. [15] Left the forks of the Cosumnes for Fort John. There was seven professions made at camp meeting; 900 in attendance, 25 ladies (beside children), 64 communicants. Cold Spring. [16] Working with R. Ashton striping a[t] the Ft. Sold one claim for one hundred dollars. Had a visit from my partner from the Amadore Quartz Mining Company.<sup>8</sup> [17] Attended prayer meeting in the evening. One of the most interesting times I ever witnessed. Two of our camp meeting converts made the church ring with praises to the God of their salvation. B. & J. [18] About 5 o'clock A.M. the grey clouds made their appearance over the summits of the Sierranevadies. They continued to rise until the whole canopy was covered and in the after noon we had a refreshing shower. [19] An election was held by the miners of Fort John. J. Moore of N. Y. elected justice of the peace, Mark Walton of Illenois constable.

[Sunday 20 July] Class at 9; prayer meeting at 11 A.M.; temperance meeting at 4 P.M.; prayer meeting again at early candle light. I had an extraordinary blessing. Some very interesting conversation with Brother Sherman on the subject of missionaries. [21] Still striping a shaft. Weather very sultry; the heat so oppressive that it was almost intolerable. Still we worked fourteen hours in a day. [22] A little difficulty arose between my partners on

<sup>7</sup> These and other Methodist preachers mentioned by Cool are identified in the various Conference minutes of the Church. Their habitual mobility makes their presence at the mines hardly noteworthy. The camp meeting was, of course, by 1851 a venerable institution of frontier religion, and thus the camp ground seemed to Cool "a hallowed place" before he had experienced anything to hallow it.

<sup>8</sup> This company in which Cool may have held an interest apparently operated near Amador City, as did later the Spring Hill Company. Indecipherable jottings of financial accounts in the day-book seem to tell little of Cool's accumulation of properties and interests in companies. Apparently while he was mining in the Amador region he acquired ten acres of ranch land in Jackson Valley near Buena Vista, for in 1861 Cool and his wife, described as then residents of Jackson Valley, sold such a tract to W. W. Parlin for \$250.00. See *Amador County Deed Book E*, p. 213. Examination of Grantee Indices to Deed Books and Mining Claims for Amador County back to its formation in 1854, and of the same for Calaveras County back to June 1851—the earliest entries at the Hall of Records, San Andreas—disclosed no record of Cool's acquisition of these acres.

account of one userping more power than he was intitled too which my other partner nor myself would submit too. [23] Recce[eive]d intelligence by Mr. Carter from the Amador Mining Quartz Company, who informed me every day[']s discouvery enhanced the value of the lead; news in jeneral flattering. [24] Nothing notable. Saw several Indians, which is an every day[']s occurrence. The habits of the natives of this country are very disgusting and the presant class of American make them still worse. [25] Saught and obtained a water privilege for the purpose of siting a tom. Compelled to dig a road around a mountain to get to our tom with our cart and horse.<sup>9</sup> [26] Building a road around the mountain. Nocked off about six oclock and washed a shirt—in this I saw the need of an affectionate wife: away with old bach[elor]ism.

[*Sunday 27 July*] Class meeting and prayer at 9 & 11 oclock, preaching; temperance meeting at 4 P.M.; prayer meeting in the evening at which there was an invitation for backsliders or seekers [to] come forward for pray[er]. Thirteen amediatly came. [28] Fell in company with a Mr. James Stoughton from Spring Port.<sup>10</sup> Found he was well acquainted with several that I was; was very much pleased to help him to tools for mining as he was destitute of meanes. [29] Completed our road, made ready to commence operations. Some thirty Indians and squaw passed through town, a spectacle enough to make a toad blush, though common for Californie. Paid off Fowler. [30] Commenced washnig [*sic*], washed fourteen cart loads; made ten dollars and twenty-seven cents. Took the parting hands of Wm. W., Geo. C., and Col. Morris, all of P[rince] E[dward] Island, British North America, Vilage of Charlottes Town. [31] Washed ten cart loads; made sixteen dollars and sixty cents. Felt part of the indisposed to remain no longer in this excitable country where the love of gold absorbs the whole man. "O wretched man that I am who shall deliver me from this body of Death["] [1 August] Washed eleven loads; made twenty five dollars and forty cents. Called at Bro. Bartlett[']s cabin in the evening and enjoued [*sic*] the glorious privilidges of the family *Altar*. [2] Washed twelve cart-loads; made thirty five dollars and twenty cents. Spent the night in watching and praying with a Mr. Shermen, a very solumn season, but he got no deliverance, and he retired soarily afflicted; unbelief is his besetment.

[*Sunday 3 August*] Class-meeting at 9 A.M. disappointed of preaching, in its stead had one of the best prayer meetings I ever attended. Temperance meeting at 4 P.M. J. S. B. Jewett elected Pres., P. Y. Cool Sect. Prayer meeting

<sup>9</sup> For all its brevity, Cool's diary tells of the progressive stages of mechanization in gold mining. He had panned (7/3), washed pay dirt in a cradle (8/23), here alludes to the "long tom," and later ran a quartz crushing machine. "The tom came in as an improvement on the rocker; it was, indeed, not much more than a rocker enlarged and immobilized . . . and . . . the flow of water was made to perform the work hitherto done by manual rocking."—John W. Caughey, *Gold is the Cornerstone* (Chronicles of California, Berkeley and Los Angeles: University of California Press, 1948), pp. 164-65. But from the beginning of the diary quartz mining fascinated Cool.

<sup>10</sup> Stoughton, a fellow New Yorker, was one of the earliest members of the temperance society mentioned in *History of Amador County*, p. 280.

PERSONS NAMED BY COOL, *with their location in the diary indicated by month and day, are, in alphabetical order:*

Mr. Annin, 8/5. R. Ashton, 7/8, 16; 8/7, 8, 9, 20, 21.

James Bartlett, 7/10; 8/1, 14, 19; 12/23. Mr. Barlow, 11/12; 12/18. Rev. A. L. S. Bateman, 7/5, 6, 10, 12. Rev. Jesse Bennett, 11/2, 16; 12/20, 21, 22, 28. J. D. Bentley, 12/29; 1/3, 4, 7, 8, 13. L. Bentley, 7/10. Rev. M. C. Briggs, 7/11; 10/14, 16. Dr. Brown, 11/13. Charlotte Brown, 8/5. James Browning, 8/13. M. Y. Brock, 6/21.

Mr. Carter, 7/23. H. Case, 11/29. Mr. (and Mrs.) Christmas, 10/9; 11/10. Charles Clark, 9/22; 10/9, 11, 20, 21, 23, 24, 30, 31; 11/3, 4, 7, 21; 12/4. Mr. Conice, 11/28. Abram Cool Sr., 7/2; 8/4, 5; 10/14. Abram Cool Jr., 6/26; 10/11; 1/8. S. Craft, 8/18, 24; 9/6.

Rev. Mr. Davidson, 9/21, 23. Miles Dean, 8/18, 19, 23, 24; 9/6, 8, 11; 10/28; 12/27, 22, 23. Solomon E. Faurot, 6/23; 8/16, 22. Daniel Fidler, 10/10, 13. Mr. Fitchwater (Fitzwater), 9/28; 10/19, 26; 11/2, 4, 5, 9; 12/14, 18, 19. Lemuel Fleschbards, 8/15. Isaac Fourot, 9/12, 13, 14; 12/17, 27. Mr. Fowler, 7/29. Mr. Fulker, 8/14. Mr. Fuller [the same?], 6/17.

Garfield, 12/17. Dr. Garlic, 10/8, 15; 11/12, 15, 29. Rev. Milton W. Glover, 6/29; 9/28, 30; 10/1, 2, 5, 6, 8, 9, 15, 19, 23, 25, 26; 11/13, 16, 19, 21; 12/4, 7, 14, 18, 19. H. F. Green, 6/10, 23, 24, 27; 7/3.

Rev. Lemuel Herbert, 9/24, 25. E. Hill, 9/19. Rev. Mr. Houlett [Howlet], 10/26, 11/20. Sidney Hurd, 9/29.

J. S. B. Jewett, 7/8, 10; 8/3, 6, 9, 10, 13, 14, 21, 24, 26, 27.

Mr. King, 9/21.

J. Lane, 6/16; 7/10. Reuben Lanman, 10/20; 11/15, 18; 12/6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 19. Mr. Linchon, 9/6. Mr. and Mrs. Lord, 6/17.

Mr. Millikin, 11/22. Dr. Morgan, 12/15, 16. J. Moore, 7/4, 19. Col. Morris, 7/30.

Rev. Isaac Owen, 7/12, 14; 10/16. Rev. Mr. Oliver, 7/12.

Mr. Paine, 12/25.

Z. A. Rice, 10/31; 11/15, 19; 12/15, 16. Thomas Rickey, 8/15.

Mr. Sawyer, 8/5. W. H. Sherman, 7/5, 20; 8/2, 9, 14, 16; 9/16; 10/28; 12/24. Rev. S. D. Simonds (Symons), 10/14, 11/27. Mr. and Mrs. Southerland, 6/16. Rev. Mr. Stevens, 6/7; 1/4. J. W. Stewart, 6/21; 9/14, 15, 24; 1/4. James H. Stoughton, 7/28; 8/27; 9/3, 6; 10/28; 12/29; 1/2, 3, 4, 8, 13, 14.

Mark Walton, 6/16; 7/10. Rev. Mr. Wood, 7/12.

early candle lighting. [4] Washed eight loads; made ten dollars and twenty cents. Mailed a letter for A. Cool. My partner left from paying me a visit over Sunday this morning for our quartz veine A[mador] C[ity]; very flattering news from it. [5] Washed twelve loads; made forty three dollars and ninty cents. Recd. 5 letters, one from L. A. L., one C. Brown, one R. De. C., and one J. Sawyer, one A. Cool. Deeply sympathised though far away with the bereft family of Mr. Annin[?]. [6] Washed twelve loads; made thirty eight \$ eighteen cents. Commenced a letter to Charlotte Brown. My partner, J. S. B. Jewett, went to the Amador City; brought flattering news from our quartz lead on Amadore. [7] Washed eight loads; made eight dollars and fifty six cents. Prayer meeting in the evening. I dwelt upon motives which should influence us to worship God to some considerable length, opposed by R. Ashton alone. [8] Washed twelve loads; made twenty dollars and twenty cents. Had another talk with Ashton about repentance; he said it was not necessary for a sinner to believe in the effacasy of Chr[ist's] blood. [9] Set our cart tires. My partner, J. S. B. Jewett, and R. Ashton had a long time of dispute so worm [sic for warm] that they began to reproach each others professions as Christians. Took a bath in the evening with Sherman of New York.

[Sunday 10 August] Class meeting at 9 A.M.; prayer at 11 oclock; temperance meeting at 4 P.M., J. S. B. Jewet [sic] president, P. Y. Cool sec. Prayer meeting at early candle lighting, the house well filled and very attentive; a blessed time. [11] Explored a cave near Fort John. Prepared our selves with

rope and candles. We let part of the company down in the cave among which I was one. We took our candles and went to the bottom. It proved very mysterious indeed. [12] Washed fourteen loads; made thirteen dollars. A few of my friends met at my cabin and had a sing as I had a Psaltry in the evening. Felt some what home sick but to[o] courageous to think of returning home peniless. [13] Washed thirteen loads; made thirteen dollars and thirty five cents. In the evening took a bath in company with James Browning [and] J. S. B. Jewett. Browning of Ills. Jewett, N. Ind. [14] Washed seven loads; made five dollars and thirty seven cents. Started for the Amador City in company with J. S. B. Jewett, J. Bartlett, W. Sherman, [and] Mr. Fulker. Passed through and [sic for an] Indian camp, saw several squaw. [15] Arove this morning at Amadore City; spent the day in visiting its quartz leads, some of which were very rich. Two machines in opperation, Lemuel Fleschbards[?] and Rickey[?] T.<sup>11</sup> Several others under way. [16] Spent the A.M. with friends at the city, left at 7 P.M. for Fort John in company with Sherman, Faurot &c. Called at an Indian Camp, nothing there but squaws, but the greatest spectacle I ever gazed upon. Their dress I'll assure you was very limited.

[Sunday 17 August] Went to Volcano<sup>12</sup> to attend the trial of a man who the night previous got in to a difficulty with another man and drew a bowie-knife and drove it to the heart of the deseased three times before he fell. The purpertrater was tried and bound over to Court. [18] Washed eleven loads; made five dollars and twenty five cents. Spent the evening with Mr. Dean and Mr. Craft; had a gramatical discusion. I had Kenion, they took Brown. [19] Washed thirteen loads; made six dollars and forty cents. Call by Miles Dean in the evening; likewise James Bartlett. The weather begins to grow cooler and more agreeable; not so hot. [20] Washed five loads; made four dollars and eighty cents. R. Ashton flaired up and quit work. So we dissolved partnership. This dissolution cause[d] no tears on my part I'll assure you, rather rejoicing. [21] Washed five loads; made four dollars and eighty cents. Ras Ashton got discouraged and left the claim after very abusive language to me and my partner Jewett. [22] Prepared our claim for washing with cradles. Solomon E. Faurot called for his cooking utensils; heard by him of my partner['s] sickness on the Amadore. [23] Commenced washing with a cradle. Washed one hundred and thirty buckets; made twenty eight dollars and twenty five cents. Had a visit in the evening from Miles Dean of Dundee, N.Y. All well.

[Sunday 24 August] Prayer meeting at 10 oclock; class amediatly following; temperance meeting at 4 ocl[ock] P.M., speaking by Broth[ers] Jewett, Dean, and Craft. Prayer mtg. again at early candle lighting rather few in

<sup>11</sup> For identification of Thomas Rickey, see footnote 3.

<sup>12</sup> Volcano was founded in 1848 by discharged soldiers from Stevenson's New York Volunteers and was first named Soldiers Gulch. Miners renamed the settlement because of its unusual limestone outcroppings. By August 1965 the ghost town was re-embodying itself as a tourist attraction by emblazoning its history, early and late, on numerous signs.

attendance, fifteen. [25] Washed one hundred and thirty five buckets; made ten dollars and seventy three cents. Not very well in the after-noon; vomited some three or four times. Had a sing in the [word illegible]. [26] Washed fifty buckets; made three dollars and thirty cents. Spent the afternoon in waiting on my partner; did some washing for him. My partn[er] Mr. Jewett baked him some cake. [27] Went prospecting quartz up to Fort Ann<sup>13</sup> in com[pan]y with Isaac Fourot, J. S. B. Jewett [sic], and James Stoughton. The expedition proved of no pucuniary benefit to any of us; however, saw many natural curiosities. [28] Spent the better part of the day in a boteny excursion as my friend Isaac Fourot was intending to go home soon. We procured diverse kinds of seeds for him to carry to our friends in the east. [29] The candidates for the assembly favored us with three of the most humbug speeches I ever saw or heard delivered by any men of any pretentions in my life. I blush to say forme[r]ly they wer[e] from New York. [30] Washed forty buckets; made six dollars. Domesticated our little cabin this evening by having some of our friends call and having a molesses candy pull, raised and closed by prayer.

[Sunday 31 August] Prayer meeting at 10 oclock A.M.; temperance meeting at 4 ocloc P.M.; prayer meeting again at early candle lighting. Church in lethargy Fort John. [1 September] The fall winds began to blow and the small grey clouds began to couver the seemingly perpetual azure sky; the weather much cooler than com[mon]. [2] A great excitement about eleven oclock this morning. Bank or Cioto<sup>14</sup> diggings were supposed to have been struk. Upwards of fifty claims were laid in less than an hour. [3] Several companies prospectin[g] the Cioto diggings but all as far as I have learned have met with no success. I hired out to James Stoughton of Spring Port for twenty schillings to day. [4] The Cioto diggings proved a perfect failure. I took my shovel and pan under my arm and started up to out to [sic] make board money; made one dollar. [5] The sky presented a adrark [sic for dark] and dreery aspect this morning and about eight oclock the eliments refused longer to retrain its burthan and the rain desended in torrents. [6] Rained by spells all day. Went in the after-noon prospecting with M. Dean, S. Crafts, J. Stoughton, and Mr.

<sup>13</sup> For the designation of such a place as a "Fort," see footnote 3. U. S. Department of Interior *Geological Survey Map of Mokelumne Hill, Calif.* (N3815-W12030/15, 1948), shows Fort Ann Mine three miles north of Volcano, on the South Fork of Dry Creek (cf. U.S.G.S. Map of Pine Grove Triangle [N3822.5-W12037.5/7.5]). In 1965 the Fort Ann Mine was accessible by unimproved road called "Ponderosa Way," one-half mile northeast of Bench Marker 2636. *Official Map of 1866* showed the same Fort Ann at this place, north of Volcano near the headwaters of South Fork of Dry Creek.

<sup>14</sup> It is obvious that Cool meant "Coyote Diggings." The term was a place name for mining claims near Michigan Flat, where the later famous Leland Stanford ran his store, downstream from Marshall on Granite Creek. See Owen C. Coy, *In the Diggings in 'Forty-Nine* (Los Angeles: California State Historical Association, 1948), p. 29. See also Elisabeth L. Egenhoff, ed., *The Elephant As They Saw It* (Sacramento: California Division of Mines, 1949), fig. 10, p. 62 "Coyoting" was the term for a method of mining which "involved sinking a hole to bedrock and digging side tunnels into the pay dirt," a technique both "laborious" and "dangerous." See Caughey, *op. cit.*, p. 163. Cool could be referring here either to the site or the technique.



Linchon. We got nicely sprinkled as we were rushing home and found a cabin; ran, entered, and had a great fandango on any count.

[*Sunday 7 September*] Class at 10 A.M.; prayer meeting at 11 A.M.; temperance meeting at 4 P.M.; prayer meeting at early candle lighting in our house, as it was rather cold and damp in the church. Happy to. [8] Sunk a shaft in the foot of a mountain in the forenoon. Went sporting in the after noon with M. Dean. Were very successful. Promised ourselves of having a quail pot pie to morrow. [9] Dug two [three] hundred and forty bulbs, one hundred of Pearl Drops, one hundred of Yellow Tulip, one hundred and forty white and purple Tulips. Enjoyed for the dinner the luxury of a pot pie. [10] Was[h]ed fifty buckets in the fore noon; made three dollars and sixty cents. Read Fowler on Self Cultur[e] or perfection of character in the afternoon; very much edified. [11] Went to Amadore City in company with Miles Dean. Saw one wolf on the road but did not succeed in killing him. Attended a glorious prayer meeting in the evening. [12] Spent the fore noon in digging a cave which gives entrance to our quartz lead. The company expressed a desire for me to come in my partner['s] place; affected Isaac much. [13] Commenced work in Isaac's place. He left rather dissatisfied with me, and the company with him; however, he took his blankets and left. Found the company thus far very agreeable.

[*Sunday 14 September*] Went to Fort John in company with J. W. Stewart and I. Fourot. Enjoyed the san[c]tuary privileges. I and brother Stewart took our fare well of the members of the class as we did not expect to ever see them again; the most affecting season I ever saw. [15] Returned to the Amadore City with Brother Stewart. Meet one Indian on our journey. He was very much under the influence of liquor but attempted no deprivations; walked with us. [16] Commenced work in our quartz lead. Brother S[h]erman applied to me for instructions. It was very embarrassing indeed. He was under great mental excitement, in the worst condition I ever saw. [17] A meeting of the Spring Hill Quartz Mining Co.<sup>15</sup> met and agreed to draft an article of agreement constituting each and every one of the company as permanent holders of one

<sup>15</sup> U. S. Department of Interior *Geological Survey Map of Amador City Quadrangle* (N3822.5—W1204.5/7.5, 1962) shows South Spring Hill Mine one-half mile southeast of Amador City. The company of which Cool writes is the well known "Ministers' Company" formed by Davidson, the Baptist. Davidson found gold in February 1851 in quartz boulders on the south side of Amador Creek and founded the company to crush the quartz and extract the gold. Milton W. Glover and Lemuel Herbert, both ministers and both mentioned by Cool, were partners of Davidson. Capital furnished by Samuel Hill of Buckeye bought the machinery and made possible the formation of Spring Hill Quartz Mining Company. See *History of Amador County*, p. 145; but Cool, unlike Davidson and the others, was not then a minister.

The company changed hands several times after 1857 and was eventually absorbed by the Keystone Company (*ibid.*, p. 155). But the Spring Hill Mine retained its name, a name also used by Rickey and Son for their quartz mine nearby on the north side of Amador Creek (*ibid.*, p. 145). See also Owen C. Coy, *Gold Days* (California Series, ed. John Russell McCarthy, Los Angeles: Powell Publishing Co., 1929), p. 138. See *History of Amador County*, p. 205.

sixth of the claim[?]. [18] A meeting of the Spring Hill Quartz Mining Company meet and singned [*sic*] said article and at the same time the presiden[t] of the company offered a constution [*sic*] and by-alaws [*sic*] which we adop[t]ed. [19] Had a meeting of the Spring Hill Co. E. Hill was elected superintenant, G. Rice treasurer. Came nigh being caught by a cave in our tunnel but escaped badly scared. [20] Received our pump and pipe from Sacramento which we have for pumping water in the pessels. One of my partners was offered six thousand dollars for his interest.

[*Sunday 21 September*] Spent the forenoon at Dry Town (Mr. King[’s]) and returned to Amadore City and attended Church in the evening; preaching by Rev. Mr. Davisson—bab[tist]. [22] Cut timber for bracing our tunnell with Charles Clark. Commenced our machien. Ran about an hour when the band flew off and was seriously damaged. [23] Choping wood for our tunnel. One of my partners, Rev. Mr. Davisson, left for Tenn. Spent the evening writing letters. [24] Rev. Lemuel Herbut sold his interest in our quartz lead for six thousand eight hundred dollars. His interest was just double that of mine. J. W. S.[tewart] left for home. [25] Rev. Lemuel Herbut started for the State of Ohio. The Company regreted very much to loose so an exemplary a member of our Company. He gave me very good advice. [26] Piling up wood in our wood house for our engine[’]s winter consumption as we can not navigate the mountains after wood when the rain once commences as the soil is of a clay natur. [27] Ran about one hundred buckets of decomposed quartz through our pessels. When we got it amalgamated and retorted, found we had about seven ounces or one hundred and twelve dollars.

[*Sunday 28 September*] Attended preaching at 10 oclock A.M. by Brother Fitchwater. We were favored with a sermon from Rev. Milton Glover. I was called upon to close and complied with much profit. [29] Ran our machine alot half a day and made about three hundred dollars. Worked in the afternoon piling up wood for winter. Received a letter from Sidney Hurd of Cayuga. [30] Repairing our engine, or rather our pessels. Brother Glover, a preacher, and I went to the woods and got out some timber; had a long talk about the seanes of our youth—ha[?]. [1 October] Worked in the tunnell in company with Brother Glover. Got out some very rich quartz. Had a man seeking to buy an interest, but he could not shine for the prepritors were well enough satisfied. [2] Tunnelling with Brot. Glover. About five oclock the dark, dismal clouds raised their magestic heads in the north east, advancing with great rapidity untill the whole canopy was the [*sic*] couvered and the reans [*word illegible*] in torrents. [3] About 4 oclock this after noon the Indians, both male and female, came into our city with great numbers and campted about forty rods down the creek bellow our city. They held a purfect jubilee in the night. [4] Ran the mill; made one hundred and forty dollars. Retired for secret prayer after supper which we have about 5 oclock. Enjoyed a soul-refresching season, the clearest witness of my accepten[ce] of God manifest in a long time.

[*Sunday 5 October*] Amadore City, California. Attended church at 10 o'clock; preaching by Rev. Milton Glover. He called on me to cloose with which request I complied with much [profit] to my self and candid attention on the part of the audience. I occupied their time some twenty minutes on the subject of the policy of worldly pursuits to the exclusion of a prepe[r]ation for death. [6] Worked in the tunnel with Brother Glover. Ran our machine [which] worked rather poorly; however, made about one hundred and seventy five dollars. Made preperations to tear down and build stronger by geting an iron shaft which will cost about one thousand dollars or more in the city. [7] Worked in the tunnel. Got out some very rich pay dirt. Hired an old Georgia quartz miner. He commenced and toar down our pessels and on tering down found some gold had passed under the morters and amalgamate. Found it to be to the amount to [sic] five hundred and thirteen dollars. [8] Worked in the tunnel with G[lover?]. Had a temperance meeting in the evening. I was solicited by the president of the meeting to address the Society on the occasion. It being urged by the members of the society, complied—and took up for investigation the affects of alcoholic drinks upon the nervus system with a brief glance of its affects upon the mentle system. When I was succeeded by Dr. Garlic and Lanman, the meeting closed with much profit. [9] Worked at scoaring<sup>16</sup> timber in company with Brother Glover and Charles Clark, both of Mousi [sic for Missouri?]. Attended prayer meeting at early candle lighting at the hous[e] of Mr. Christmas. I felt rather unspiritual, however proffeted. [10] Scoaring timber with Chas. Clark and Daniel Fidler.<sup>17</sup> Our veine presents a more flatering prospect than it ever did before. We are very much incouraged in our enterpris[e] [at?] Amadore City. [11] Scoared timber for our pessels with Chas. Clark. Saw a company of Chinese pass by. Received a lett[er] from A. Cool Jr. and wife and amidiately replied with much pleasure. All who shine are not true.

[*Sunday 12 October*] The time arove this morning for preaching to commence and no preacher came. I was urged very hard to fill the appointment. After long soliciting, as unworthy as I was I complied with their wishes. I read the 15th chap. of St. John—I am the vine &c. Read a hymn—Vain man, thy fond pursuits—and as we were singing the “for bear &c” engaged in prayer second time the body of a little old man darkened the door, who was the Prea[cher]. [13] Rather unwell from the affects of a cold. Quit work in the after noon. One of our hired hands cut his foot very seriously (Daniel Fidler). Saw several Mexicans, which is very us[u]al cir[cumstance?]. [14] Subscribed to the Califor[nia] Christian Advocates, the first ever published in California.<sup>18</sup>

<sup>16</sup> Cool wrote “scoaring” for “scoring”; he was preparing the timber for use in the tunnels, not securing timber as he had done on 9/21 and 9/22.

<sup>17</sup> Daniel Fiddler was master mechanic for Thomas Rickey's quartz crushing machine on the north side of Amador Creek. See *History of Amador County*, p. 145 *et passim*.

Had it addressed to A. Y. Cool, N. Y.; M. C. Briggs and S. D. Simonds, Editors—published in San Fra[ncisco]. [15] Scoaring timber. Held a regular temperance meeting in the evening. The Society was addressed by Rev. M. Glover, Dr. Garlic, [and] P. Y. Cool. Four signed the pledge of total abstinanc[e]. [16] Scoared timber. Saw two Indians chase down and cetch by fair running an uninguered [*sic* for uninjured] hair. Preaching in the evening by R[ev.] Isaac Owen, the Presiding Elder of California Conference; the surveses closed by Briggs. [17] Scoaring timber for our machienary. Wrote a publication for the Sacrament[o] Transcript in the evening on the subject of temperance. [18] Worked on the shaft. Went up the creek in the afternoon to bathe and fell in company with a Chilanian who could speak English some, so I got him to speak his tongue and then inturpet.

[*Sunday 19 October*] Attended church at 10 oclock; preaching by Rev. Milton Glover. Spent the after noon in writing a farewell address to the old oak tree which was the place of secret devotion. I called it the heaven towering monument of Charity. Wrote it for a publication in the California Christian Ad[v]ocate. Attended preaching in the evening by Rev. Milton Glover, the exercises closed by Fitchwater; rather dull time. [20] Cross cut sawing with Clark. Had a long and rather interesting conversation with Reuben Lanman in the evening. Partly promised to go home altogether in April. [21] Spliting slab tember for lining our tunnell. Ch[a]s. Clark and I prepared some question in phylosiphy as we had philosophic[a] questions to discuss every night. We came off victory. [22] Temperance meeting in the evening, which meeting I addressed. We examened the affects of liquor as being a national evil which we prooved so conclusivly that I took my seat amid great applause. [23] Spliting timber with Clark. Prayer meeting in the evening at the house of Mr. Christmas. Rev. Milton Glover presided. Rather a barren time to all the members presant. Amador Cty. [24] Sawed and split timber for the tunnel with Clark. We had a Castilian take dinner with us, rather an intelligent man. His discription of Havana and Spain was very interesting. [25] Went to Dry Toun for letters; disappointed in geting any. Liceum mett and discussed the question, Which gives the most happiness, pursuit or possession? Pursuit gained the decision. Some got quite angry over the discussion. *M. Glove[r]*.

[*Sunday 26 October*] Attended preaching at 11 oclok by Rev. Mr. Howlet of Portersfield.<sup>19</sup> Preaching in the evening by Fitchwater. Exhorting follow[ed]

<sup>18</sup> The *California Christian Advocate*, a Methodist weekly, was launched in 1852 at San Francisco. It is not listed in the *California Imprints Bibliography*.

<sup>19</sup> Cool mentioned Portersfield also in his entry for 11/20. It is forgotten as a place name in Amador County. *Official Map of 1866* shows a place called "Butterfields" five miles east of Volcano, but on 11/20 Cool apparently walked from Amador City to "Portersfield" and back again, an incredible hike across ridges and ravines to Butterfields. However, *Official Map of 1866* also shows a mining location, "Porters," less than a mile west of Volcano, in a field one and one-half miles east of Pioneer Station; this identification of Porter's field seems probable, but even in this case it was a long trek.

by Rev. Mylten Glover. Cloased by P. Y. Cool. [27] Left Amadore City for Volcano via Fort John. Was walking along very composedly when all at once two wolves hove in view just over a little hill. [28] Spent the day in company with Miles Dean & James Stoughton at Volcano. Went sporting in the fore noon [with] rather poor success. Bro. Dean and Sherman and I spent the evening in singing. [29] Left Volcano for Amadore. After traveling about four miles o[u]t of town, lost my coars, and the first I found out, I was in a camp of Indians of about two hundred, though very friendly. [30] Commenced work in the tunnell with Mr. Clark. Saw several Chinese pass by our mill. They seem to be the most resurved people of any nation in Califor[nia]; a great similarity between them. [31] Worked in the tunnel with Chas. Clark. Ingaged a horse to accompany Mr. Z. A. Rice of Georgia to the great Indian treaty to be held at [word illegible]<sup>20</sup> on the Sout[h] fork of the Cosumnes, Aldorado Coun[ty]. [1 November] Arove at the Indian fandango about 12 oclock. The first that attracted our attention was a game ball which they would roll by kicking for the distance of two hundred yards and then back. The next was two white men with squaws for their wife. The next was two, mourning to cure their sick child, which is the last remidy resorted too. The next about forty bushells of acorns for their fare, with other interesting things.

[Sunday 2 November] We were favored with an exhortation from Brother Fitchwater [at] 10 oclock A.M. The survases were closed by P. Y. Cool with much profit to him self at least. Preaching at early candle lighting by Jesse Bennett, the preacher in charge of the Moquelumne Hill Circuit, a very elequent address. Survases closed by Fitch[water]. [3] Working in our upper tunnell with C. Clark. The Sheriff called on us to summons us to sit on the Grand Jury at Jackson but could not surve his summons for we refused to tell our names. [4] Worked in the upper tunnell with Clark. Went to Dry Town in the evening with Fitchwater. Saw the degridation of females as we passed up the side walk—dancing in the public houses. [5] Received our iron shaft from Sac[ramento] City. Temperance meeting in the evening addressed by Fitchwater and succeeded by P. Y. Cool to some considerable length. Kept the attention of the audiance. [6] The small, silvery grey clouds made their appearance in the north west but passed over without any rain. Prayer meeting in the evening a very interesting meeting. P. Y. C. [c]onduct the excardtun [sic for

<sup>20</sup> I am not sure what Cool meant to write; the palimpsest could be construed as "Big Bar," shown on *Official Map of 1866* as lying in a horseshoe bend of the Cosumnes River about five miles below the confluence of its North and South Forks, two and one-half miles northeast of Copper Hill. Whatever the exact location, such a gathering of Indians was recorded in *History of Amador County*, p. 260: "A party of several hundred Indians were collected at the forks of the Cosumnes in 1851, by a government agent by the name of Belcher, who fed them for some weeks on beef. This was about the first opportunity of the miners of that vicinity to study the Indian in his peaceful relations, and a great many took advantage of it. Even at this time most of the Indians had put on clothing, and the men as well as the squaws had some sense of modesty."

The description fits Cool's account of what he termed "the Indian fandango," except that he had his own opinion of the squaws' nudity.

exhortation?]. [7] Worked in the tunnall with Clark, in rather ill health. Saw several Chinese pass through our town. I presume not more than half of the travell[ers] through this part of the country are Americans. [8] Went to Dry Town after letters; got disappointed. Got home in time for our Liceum. Question: Which has the greatest right to complain of the whites, the Indians or Negro? The dissision was given to *Negros*.

[*Sunday 9 November*] Attended preaching at 11 oclock by Brot. Fitch-water. Survases closed by P. Y. C. Attended funeral at Dry Town at 4 oclock P.M., a youngh man who but a short time previous lost his wife; they now sleep in the mountains of Cal. [10] Very much under the weather; unable to work. Much favor shown me on the part of Mr. and Mrs. Christmas. No pains seemed to be to[o] great if they thought it would proffit me. [11] Very poorly; reduced very much in strength. Was confined to the house most of the day, the most inactive day I have experienced since I have been in this country. [12] Temperance meeting in the evening. The Society and people were addressed by Dr. Garlic, Mr. Barlow, and P. Y. Cool. The discussions finally ended between Dr. Garlic and P. Y., they both having got rather hot[?] [13] Rev. M. W. Glover arrove to day from the northern mines. He brings Dr. Brown and family with him to this place. Prayer meeting this evening; rather feable season. M. W. Glover *presided*. [14] Went to Drytown for some beef with a mule. On my way back meet about twenty Chines packing their baggage on long poles as represented in Parleys Geographey. [15] Punched si[e]ves for our quartz machine. Liceum meet in the evening, Z. A. Rice and Dr. Garlic on the negativ, R. Lanman and P. Y. Cool on the affirmative. Resolved: That Congress can expedionly make laws governing the mines. *Neg*.

[*Sunday 16 November*] Attended preaching at 11 A.M. by Rev. M. W. Glover. Attended preaching again at early candle lighting by Rev. Mr. Bennett of Wisconsin. Survives closed by Rev. M. W. Glover—time for proffit. [17] Went to Drytown for a pair of boots. The reason of my going so far was on account of my deturmenation to not patronize an[y]on[e] that sells liquor and there was no trading post at Amadore that was *temperate*. [18] Choped some timber in the fore-noon, but found I was not strong enough to work. Spent the after noon in hunting timber and wa[i]ting on my friend Reuben Lanman who [it] is hoped is recovering. [19] The Temperance Society meet in the eve and was addressed by Rev. M. W. Glover, Z. A. Rice, and P. Y. Cool, after which P. Y. Cool was elected secretary. [20] Went to Porterfield. Called on Rev. Mr. Houlett of Mousuri. On returning home got caught in a rain storm and got some what dampened after the sumurse [*sic* for summer's] *drouth*. [21] Drew writing with Clark and Glover for my claim which they have bought at five thousand dollars payable in twenty months after date. [22] Left Amadore City for Sac[ramento] City by way of stage. Arrove at Sac[ramento] City about three P.M. Repaired amediately to the landing of the West Point to see Mr. Milikin, agent of West Point—all right.

[*Sunday 23 November*] Attended preaching in the M. E. Church at



Sac[ramento] City at 101½ A.M. Attended the Sabbath School at two P.M. and preaching again at early candle lighting. Speaker of the day of St. Lorance Co., N. Y. [24] Spent the day in Sac[ramento] City. Town very livly. Saw several prisoners working in the streets with log ends attached to them. The north west wind blew so it was almost impossible to see for the dust flying. [25] West Point returned from San Francisco but the agent failed to purform his duty to me, so it was necessary for me to go the next day so I wrote a note to the company and got ready to go. [26] Embarked at 2 oclock P.M. for San Francisco on board Steamer Senator. The scenry down the river was most magnifcent. The formers [*sic* for farmers] were burning the prarie on either side of the river. It was as light in places as day. [27] Arove in the City about 1 ocl[ock] A.M. Went to the Alta turma[?] and did my business, after which I attended a thanksgiving sermon delivered in the M. E. C[hurch] by Rev. Mr. Symons, then repaired to Tellagraph Hill. [28] Arove in Sac[ramento] City at 8 oclock A.M. Called amediately on Mr. Conice on corner of J and 7th St. He went with me to the Willson G. Hunt<sup>21</sup> where I got the bolck [*sic* for block] of castings that I had been looking [for] on Fricay. [29] Returned to Amadore City by way of stage. Attended the Liceum at evening: Which has caused the most evil, fun or intemperance? Dr. Garlick [and] Mr. \_\_\_\_\_ on the affirmativ, H. Case [and] P. Y. Cool negative; negative won.

[*Sunday 30 November*] Attended church in Dry Town w[h]ere there had been a two days meeting and there were only about 10 or 12 that attended not withstanding the labour of two day. It is as hard a place as can be found in Cal. [1 December] Worked in the tunnel for the Sprri[n]g Hill Company at \$5.00 per day. Went [to] bed early as I had to get up at mid night to take my trick tending the quartz machiene which runs night and day inverably. [2] Took my turn at the mill at 12 oclock this morning; rather disagreeable on account of its being misty and wet. Stood at the mill untill 12 oclock to day which is my inchanged [*sic* for unchanged] berth. [3] Stood to the mill as usual my trick off. Rained terably from midnight untill noon; got wet and cold. I thought I was in a good way to see the Elephant<sup>22</sup> yet. No temperance meeting tonight. [4] Stood to the mill as usual; very pleasant, no rain at all. Talked very strongly about selling out to Rev. Milton W. Glover and Charles A. Clark and probably will if they do not back out. [5] Stood to the machiene. The weather

<sup>21</sup> The *Wilson G. Hunt*, here properly spelled, was a well known Sacramento River steamer.

<sup>22</sup> The phrase is well known to students of the Gold Rush, but its meaning was not single. To "see the elephant" was an all-purpose bit of slang meaning setting out for gold, finding gold aplenty, facing a great crisis, or giving up and going home. A classic mining journal, J. Goldsborough Bruff, *Gold Rush, The Journals, Drawings, and Other Papers of J. Goldsborough Bruff . . . April 2, 1849–July 20, 1851*, ed. Georgia Willis Read and Ruth Gaines (2 vols., New York: Columbia University Press, 1944), I, 393, shows a cartoon in which "seeing the elephant" is explained as "Luck of very few—going *home* with piles" of money; but *ibid.*, I, 395, depicts "seeing the elephant" as dying. Cf. *ibid.*, II, 997. Cool's uses of the term here and below at entry for 12/5 are as obviously ambiguous as they are modish.

this after noon is exceedingly cool. From the appearances of the clouds rain will soon succeed, when the Elephant will be seen in full size. [6] Stood at the machine untill noon. Waited on Mr. Lanman in the after noon. Watched with him at night. Was very sick; had to bathe his bowels eve[r]y ten minutes with hot water.

[*Sunday 7 December*] Attended preaching by Rev. M. W. Glover. Went to Dry Town in the afternoon for letters but affected nothing. Attended preaching in the evening by Rev. Mr. Glover. Sit up at night with R. Lan[man]. [8] Stood at the ma[c]hine from mid night untill noon. Waited on Brother Lanman in the after noon. He was considerably delirious. Left him about 9 oclock at night very low with the Dr. [9] Stood at the machine from mid night to noon. The terrors of dissolution made its appearance about four oclock P.M. and our friend Mr. Lanman was no more on earth. [10] Dug in company with two others the grave of our Brother. And at three oclock we convoid the body of the deceased to the silent tomb under the honors of the order of the I.O.O.F. [11] Stood to the machine from midnight untill noon. Weather very warm and pleasant, as pleasant as the month of May. Very slight frosts every night; however, vanishes at the appearances of the maridien sun. [12] Stood to the machine from midnight till noon. Went to Dry Town in the after noon for letters; got none. Saw about 50 Chinese while I was gone; two Mexican women riding *mules*. [13] Stood at the ma[c]hine from morning to night. Saw several Ch[i]nese and tried to traid coats with one of them but could not affect a trade. The coat was a purfect curiocity.

[*Sunday 14 December*] Attended an exortation by Bro. Fitzwater [*sic*] in the fore noon. Preaching in the evening by Rev. M. W. Glover a very soul refreshing time; preached exclusively to the church covenanted together. [15] Stood at the machine from morning till night. Concluded to worke no more in the nigh[t]. Spent the evening in conversation with Dr. Morgan and Z. A. Rice very agreeable. [16] Left Amadore City in co[mpany] with Dr. Morgan an[d] Z. A. Rice for Volcano. Arov there ab[o]ut two oclock; distance 15 miles. Had a prayer meeting in the evening; proffitable time. [17] Left Volcano for Amador in company with Miles Dean and Isaac Fourot. Attended the temperance meeting in Amadore in the evening. Three signed the pledge; Garfield spea[ker]. [18] Went prospecting with M. W. Glover [and] Mr. Fitzwater. Four of us met in the eve for prayer meeting in a little old cabin occupied by Bro. Barlow. We had a soul refreshing time. [19] Worked on a ditch with Glover and Fitzwater. Wrote some resolution on the death of our deseased Brother R. Lanman to be acted on by the Temperance Society next Sabbath. [20] Spent the after noon in co[mpany] with Rev. Jessee Bennett of Wisconsin who came to hold a two days meeting at the City of Amadore. We spent the after noon in examming the quartz lead of the City.

[*Sunday 21 December*] Attended preaching at 11 oclock by Rev. Mr. Bennett. Preaching again at early candle lightting by Rev. Mr. Bennett. The

occasion was rather unspiritual to all present. [22] Rained incessantly all day and night. Spent the fore noon with Rev. Mr. Bennett. My frie[n]d Miles Dean called on me on his way from Marysville via Sac[ramento] City to Volcano. [23] Started with Mr. Dean for Volcano. Arove there about 3 oclock P.M. Rained considerable on our journey. Attended family worship at the house of Bartlett and Dean at evening. [24] Worked in a sluicing in the fore noon but rained so hard I would not work in after noon. Spent the after noon with W. H. Sherman a Babtist backslider though contrary to their prof[ession]. [25] Rained very hard all day. Spent my time in part waiting on Mr. Paine who was sick with erisipless. Celebrated Christmas as weell as circumstances would admit of. Had an oyster supper in even[ing]. [26] Went prospecting all alone and washed five milk pans of drirt [*sic*] and went in to the cabin and weighed it. Found I had forty cents, eight cents to the pan which at that time was good. [27] Rained in torrents; was compelled to keep our heads in doors. Isaac and I started prospecting but hardly got out when we were driven back by an increasing shower.

[*Sunday 28 December*] Had the privalidg of publicly avowing my self a disciple of Christs by partaking of the Lord's Supper which was adminestered by Rev. Jessey Bennett of Ill. The scene was in many respects unlike those which I had witnessed on simerlar occasions. It was not adminstered in the statly palace, which was decorated with all the art and accomplishments of life. And the recipiants of the same were not loaded with the grandures of a fashionable world. But corrsponding with the hu[m]ble cabin in which we met (which was in Volcano in Calavarus County, Califor[nia]) [*the words in parentheses seem to have been added later*]-consisting of a few pine logs rolled together and piled one upon the other untill sufficiently high for a man to stand erect with a few slabs split from the same which answered for a couvering while for flooring was that which God declared unto Moses was holy and bade him take from his feet his shoes which seperated him from it—were the recipients of the holy institution coarsly yet tidily and comforta[b]ly clad and never did I witness greater and more infalible ex[h]ibitions of God['s] approbation than were there displaied, the sympathetic tear wher no formality was policy could be traced, as they coarsed their way swift and large from the eyes which beamed with intelligence as the death and sufferings of Christ on Calveries rugged mount were brought frest [*sic*] to the mind by the partaking of the symbols of his flesh and blood. This occasion was one in many that I had enjoied but more notable if possible than any previously enjoied perhaps it is owing to the peculiarity of it. [29] Left Volcano in co[mpany] with J. H. Stoughton and J. D. Bentley for Secret Mound.<sup>23</sup> Packed on our backs our beds and provisions enough to last us a week. [30] We washed three hundred

<sup>23</sup> The place name, if devised by Cool and his partners, apparently accomplished its intention, unlike the famous Secret Ravine in the Mother Lode country. Secret Mound was obviously near Volcano, in whose vicinity is more than one place deserving such a name.

buckets in a long tom and when we weighed it found it to amount to 19 dollars. Spend the evening every agreeably with my friends and retired after having prayers. [31] Washed three hundred buckets; made about 14 dollars. Saw and had for the first time a conversation with a native of Greece; rather intelligent though rough. [1 January 1852] Worked very industriously on this the first day of the year 1852 to make gold dust enough to make me a New Years reise [*sic* for raise]. Made about 4 dollars only. [2] Went prospecting, found a ravine that would [yield] from 5 to 10 cents to the pan. [*Sentence over-written illegibly.*] J. H. Stoughton and my self discovered one. Two Indians called on us in the evening; very frien[dly]. [3] Worked with J. D. Bentley throwing up dirt in the fore noon. In the after noon went to our cabin where we joined our partner, J. H. Stoughton. I made a fancy pudding for tea.

[*Sunday 4 January 1852*] Left Secret Mound in co[mpany] with Bro. Stoughton and Bentley for Volcano where we enjoied preaching at 11 oclock by Rev. Mr. Stephens of Ill. Prayer meeting in evening very good. [*No entry for 5 or 6 January.*] [7] Threwed up dirt in the raviene. Beautifull weather. Spent the eve in part in practicing pscology on one of my partners J. D. Bentley much to the diversion of my other partner and my self. [8] Worked throwing up dirt in company with J. H. Stoughton [and] J. D. Bentley. Weather very pleasant warm as May weather. Wrote a letter to A. Cool Jr. in the evening. [*No entries for 9-12 January.*] [13] Left Volcano for Secret Mound with Bro. Stoughton and Bentley. Arove at our point of destination about noon. Spent the after noon in building a long tom. [14] Worked throwing up dirt in the raviene, the[n] J. H. Stoughton and I discovered it prospected very well. Spent the evening in writing to J. W. Stewart [of] Ioawa. [*DIARY ENDS ABRUPTLY.*]

[*Entry on front fly-leaves (omitting names and addresses) of Cool's pocket day-book:*] Sitting on Telegraph Hill, with a pleasant view of the seemingly boundless Ocean on the west, with the Sacramento River puting in from the north, whilst adjacently the vast Sanjoiquin makes in to the beautifull Bay which at this time doubtless harbours shipping to the amount of four or five thousand vessels with the coast of the Bay diversified with huged mountains among which can can [*sic*] be seen Mount De Ablo, and various beautiful islands of which can be seen the twin sisters a short distance up the Sacramento River and it would be usless to try to number the sailing vessels and steam bots playing on the bay among the steamers lying at land w[h]ere can be found the Republic and Golden-Gate which sail the first of the month for Panama. I now walk over wher an aspect of the City is most enchanting. Here ushers into view a City, as it were by a visiony; thought can hardly keep pace with the improvement of this City, three times it has crumbled to ashes, and now hardly any trace of fire can can [*sic*] be found and the last sweeping flames are hardly extinguished a few week since and about one-third of this city was consumed and now no trace of the conflagration it is astonishing. From this spot can be counted five churches, and whe [*SKETCH ENDS ABRUPTLY.*]

# LOOKS AT WESTERN BOOKS

## Grizzly Bear Heads and Tales

*The Grizzly Bear: Portraits From Life* edited by Bessie Doak Haynes and Edgar Haynes (Norman: University of Oklahoma Press, 1966); illus., biblio., index., 368 pp. \$5.00.

*Reviewer:* DEWEY W. CHAMBERS, assistant professor of education, University of the Pacific, and specialist in oral history and folklore of the West.

This collection of stories is introduced by an appropriate and erudite piece by the Haynes on the grizzly and his role in Western lore. Then follow documentary support for their thesis—short stories, sketches, and folk tales about the grizzly bear. Each was written by a contemporary of the event.

The selection is excellent, yet this review, which will appear in a magazine that is the voice of the Jedediah Smith Society, must call attention to one unhappy omission. Jed was leading his party through the Black Hills in 1823, as you may know, when he was attacked by a ferocious bear.

"Grizzly did not hesitate a moment," wrote witness Jim Clyman in his patched prose, "but sprang on the capt taking him by the head" with teeth digging white grooves of exposed skull. The graphic account tells how the wounded leader, with ribs broken, ordered men to go for water and asked Clyman to stitch back an ear almost torn from his head. Clyman concludes his account with what may be the most understated observation in the lore of the West, remarking that the day's experience "gave us a lesson on the character of the grizzly Baare which we did not forget."

Respectfully we suggest to the Haynes that when they revise this book for a new edition they consider inclusion of Jim Clyman's brief but vivid account of the clash of "the grizzly Baare" with our indomitable

Jed. For this book does deserve a long life. Not only should it be a welcome addition to the library of any adult interested in the West, but to the children's room as well. The tales will fascinate the young reader and certainly could assist his teacher to impart understanding to young historians finding their way through the saga of our West.

## Filling Out Church History

*Cross in the Sunset* by Leon L. Loofbourow (San Francisco: Historical Society of the California-Nevada Annual Conference of the Methodist Church, Vol. II, 1961); 244 pp., illus., app., index.

*Reviewer:* WELDON S. CROWLEY, assistant professor of history, University of the Pacific.

Dr. Leon Loofbourow has written widely about the religious dimension of life in the western United States. Among his works are *In Search of God's Gold*, which dealt with the early California Methodism, and *Steeple Among the Sage*, an account of several denominations in Nevada. Now in *Cross in the Sunset* he tells of Methodism in the California-Nevada Annual Conference from 1897 to 1947. This volume is technically Number II, and Volume I, which will discuss the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, and various ethnic groups within Methodism, is to appear later this year.

Few men could have written this book as Dr. Loofbourow has written it, for he recorded events to which he was contemporary, having begun his career in the ministry in 1900. His deep religious commitment and humanitarian concerns are evident on each page as he tries to discuss the church amid

the changing social and political structures of the 20th century. One gets a flavor of this as he speaks of "the resisting church of the mad twenties" or "the embattled church of the sad thirties". Because of the author's attempt to see the Methodist Church contextually, his book has attempted to provide insights for a wider audience than those who are merely curious about religion. It is indeed a social commentary that tries to weave into one tapestry the impact of Freud and Rauschenbusch, Dewey and Aimee Semple McPherson, Roosevelt and Hitler.

Dr. Loofbourow has set for himself such a monumental task that one should not be surprised to find that he has not fulfilled his aims in every respect. The book suffers from a disconnectedness that may be accounted for by the writer's concern to be more hagiographical than was necessary. More material was introduced than could possibly have been organized and examined, and indeed the work suffers from a lack of critical apparatus.

*Cross in the Sunset* contains much raw data that needs to be taken into account when a more objective and incisive treatment of the material can be written. We can be grateful for the spade-work that Leon Loofbourow has done.

#### Hunt's History Updated

*California: A History* by Andrew F. Rolle (New York: Thomas Y. Crowell, 1963); biblio. in form of "Selected Readings" for each chapter, appendix, maps, illus., index, xxii, 649 pp. \$6.00.

Reviewer: GLENN W. PRICE, assistant professor of history, University of the Pacific.

In 1929 Thomas Y. Crowell Company published *A Short History of California* by Rockwell D. Hunt, then dean of the Graduate School of the

University of Southern California, and Nellie Van de Grift Sánchez, best known for her volume on the hispanic period of California, *Spanish Arcadia*. In 1963 Crowell published this volume by Andrew F. Rolle with the statement on the title page: "Based in part upon *A Short History of California*, 1929" by Hunt and Sánchez. It is indeed based very solidly on the Hunt-Sánchez volume; so much so that the publication of this history of California keeps in print much of Hunt's prose.

The Hunt-Sánchez history ran to 671 pages and was "short" only in comparison with the multi-volume histories of the state which had preceded it: the seven volumes by Hubert Howe Bancroft (plus several other volumes in his *Works* concerned with California history topically); the four volumes by Theodore H. Hittell; the five volumes edited by Zoeth Skinner Eldredge, but largely the work of Clinton A. Snowden; and the two-volume work by Charles E. Chapman and Robert G. Cleland, covering the Spanish and the American periods respectively. In writing a one-volume history of the state, Hunt and Sánchez made "a distinct contribution," as Rolle remarks, and he transfers much of the work to his book. Just how closely Rolle follows Hunt-Sánchez is apparent when one compares the language anywhere in the earlier portion of the histories:

In at least two cases noted, variations by Rolle introduced errors not present in the work by Hunt and Sánchez. Regarding the occupation of Monterey by Commodore John D. Sloat on July 7, 1846, Hunt-Sánchez has: "It is quite evident, however, from the proclamation issued to the inhabitants as well as from other contemporary official correspondence that he [Sloat] did have positive knowledge of hostilities on the Rio Grande, even though he had not been officially informed of any 'formal declaration of war' by his superiors at Washington."



[358] Rolle: "Yet it is evident from the proclamation Sloat issued to the inhabitants, as well as from his correspondence, that he had positive knowledge of hostilities in Texas along the Nueces River, even though he had not been officially notified of any 'formal declaration of war' by Washington." [197] The hostilities were, as Hunt and Sánchez stated, "on the Rio Grande"—that is, in that valley and within a few miles of that river, not "along the Nueces River," which was more than one hundred miles north of the scene of those skirmishes. And when Rolle, in altering slightly the language of Hunt-Sánchez on the appointment of Thomas Oliver Larkin as United States Consul at Monterey, says that "Polk sent the alert Thomas Oliver Larkin to Monterey . . ." [191] he writes in error, for Larkin had been resident there as a merchant for more than a decade before Polk gave him the appointment.

It is well, however, to have this history available. For more than a score of years preceding 1963, John Walton Caughey's *California* was used in almost all college courses on the history of the state; there is now this alternative. Admirers of the late Rockwell Hunt will, as indicated above, find much of his work here, and not in language only but also in interpretation. There is, perhaps, a little too much of the idea that the thing to do with the past is to celebrate it rather than use it. But everything that Rockwell Hunt wrote was informed with his deep concern for human, and humane, values, and that spirit is to be found in this present volume.

#### Nevada's Home-Grown Messiah

*Wovoka, the Indian Messiah* by Paul Bailey (Los Angeles: Westernlore Press, 1957); 223 pp. \$5.50.

Reviewer: LELAND D. CASE, director of the California History Foundation.  
Dr. Jack D. Forbes' enlightening

article on Nevada Indians (Spring issue of *THE PACIFIC HISTORIAN*) is one of the few reporting knowledgeably about Wovoka. He seems to be completely unknown to clergymen. A spot poll among a few disclosed none who remembered from seminary days even a classroom mention of this man who hardly 80 years ago was hailed by tens of thousands of his people as their messiah. It is unfortunate that absorption with old-world religious phenomena should so completely eclipse scholarly attention to a classic example of "messiah psychology" in our own land. Actually, as Dr. Forbes has pointed out, there were various adventist groups among the Indians. A close parallel could be traced between their development under pressure from white neighbors and the messianic longings and struggles within that segment of the Roman Empire inhabited by Jews. Wovoka typifies response to a human hope.

*Wovoka, the Indian Messiah* falls short of being an adequate story of the half-Christianized Paiute, however. It is even erroneous on some historical details—such as the bloody Wounded Knee massacre of the Sioux by U. S. troops, on Pine Ridge Reservation, South Dakota, December 29, 1890. But the author does fill out freshly the personal story of the medicine man who was known to whites as Jack Wilson, but to his people as Wovoka.

Wovoka claimed divine revelations. He prescribed rituals, including a dance and wearing of a bulletproof "ghost shirt." Taking cues from Jesus, he counseled patience with forbearance. He also prophesied as reward for believers that the white man would be swept away and again the buffalo would thunder over the prairie. This is what the Indians, frustrated and defeated, longed to hear. How bleak tragedy followed their disillusionment is an epic one must know to understand the Indian problem of our day.

## The Fooarah Column

*Rendezvous!* The tenth annual *rendezvous* of the Jedediah Smith Society will be held Saturday, October 1, at Columbia, in the heart of California's Mother Lode country, announces WARREN H. ATHERTON, Stockton attorney and former National Commander of the American Legion, who is the organization's new president. The all-day event will take place at the summer home of DR. ROBERT E. BURNS, president of the University of the Pacific, where a large yard will accommodate the expected large crowd. Many will come in Western garb—ready both for fun and the serious parts of the program.

While primarily for members of the Jedediah Smith Society, sponsor-members of the California History Foundation will be welcomed. Advance registration may be made with the Society's secretary at the University of the Pacific, Stockton, California 95204.

Do burros ever die from natural causes, such as old age? Many are slain by trucks or trigger-happy deer hunters. But do burros ever just up and die? It's a question that fascinates FRED MAZZULA. If you have information, we'll relay it to FRED who lives at Denver and is an attorney, an avid photographer, and an enthusiastic Westerner.

"In a world of atomic power and spaceships, there seems to be no more room for Utopia"—so says a news-feature dispatch from Palm-dale, Calif., reporting the failure of the New Llano Co-Operative Colony near Leesville, La. The original Llano was a Socialist community founded in 1914 in Antelope Valley in the heart of the Mojave Desert

by JOB HARRIMAN who in 1910 had made an unsuccessful run for mayor of Los Angeles.

Does any reader of the *HISTORIAN* have brochures or clippings or photos or other memorabilia of old Llano? If so, he is invited to get in touch with the Stuart Library of Western Americana, of the University of the Pacific. It is attempting to build up resource material from which a history or sociology major can do a term paper.

A newcomer among history-related groups is the National Society of Restoration Specialists. Its steadily swelling membership includes architects, builders, artists, writers, historians, and many others "dedicated to the preservation and restoration of our heritage"—chiefly historic buildings. The six-dollar dues bring members an interesting magazine. For further details query dues bring members an interesting magazine. For further details query SECRETARY KEN CASTRO, Murphys, Calif.

Preservation and restoration were stressed by the Conference of California Historical Societies, meeting June 16-18, at Santa Barbara. Strong opposition was registered against intrusion of freeways on historical sites.

Interest in BADGER CLARK, the poet who escalated cowboy doggerel to verse that attracted attention from the magazine *Poetry*, is on the upswing. PHILIP A. DANIELSON, director of the Westerners Foundation, at the University of the Pacific, reports inquiries from Australia. There ERNEST BRIGGS, scholar and poet, has included lines from "A Border Affair" in a lecture before the Queensland Folk-

Calif., and has been effective at Jackson, Mokelumne Hill, Placerville, Nevada City, and Grass Valley. Many Jews took part in the gold rush, but most of their descendants moved on to larger cities and cemeteries were neglected till the Commission re-discovered them.

An early Californian, who later in life became a prestigious general, was reputed to have been informally wedded in his early career to an Indian maiden. Many years later at a social affair a vixen endeavored to impale his lawful wife on a barbed question: "Is it true that when the General first came to California he had an Indian wife?" The dowager drew up to full-bosomed stance as she answered, "I really don't know. But, dearie, I've always said the General deserves the best!"

To encourage new Western authors, a \$2,000 award has been established honoring the late JAMES HERRICK GIPSON, president of the Caxton Printers, Ltd. Further information can be secured from the Gipson Award Committee, 312 Main St., Caldwell, Idaho 83605.

The University of the Pacific, chartered in 1851 and now California's oldest school of collegiate rank, almost was a casualty in its adolescent years. The school was then in San Jose and existed almost hand-to-mouth by sale of lots midway between San Jose and Santa Clara. J. W. HINES, the school's field agent, was doing quite well fending the wolf till parties from whom the land was bought demanded immediate payment. HINES got two weeks extension, then wandered lonely as a cloud over the campus, wondering what to do. By chance he met JOHN SPENCE, a grocer, who told of selling his ranch on Coyote Creek for \$16,000. He

*At 1965 rendezvous—R. R. Stuart, the retiring J. S. S. secretary, and his successor, Leland D. Case.*

lore Society. "Spanish is a loving tongue," says BRIGGS, has become imbedded in a folksong.

The Westerners Foundation has put Clark's *Sun and Saddle Leather* back into print. Copies may be purchased for five dollars from the Badger Clark Memorial Center, at his alma mater, Dakota Wesleyan University, Mitchell, So. Dak.

Neglected Jewish cemeteries of California's Mother Lode area are being reconditioned, refenced, and rededicated under auspices of the Commission for the Preservation of Pioneer Jewish Cemeteries and Landmarks, headquartered at the Magnes Memorial Museum in Oakland. The work was started by HAL ALTMAN (Forum Building, Sacramento), while manager of the Chamber of Commerce at Jackson,



## THE HISTORY CALENDAR

*October 1*—Tenth Annual Jedediah Smith Society Rendezvous for "The Year of the Big Beaver," Robert E. Burns Home, Columbia, Calif.

*October 13-15*—Fifteenth Annual Northern California-Southern Oregon Symposium, Yreka, Calif.

*October 13-15*—Western History Association, El Cortez Hotel, El Paso, Texas.

*October 19*—Annual business meeting, Historical Society of Southern California, Los Angeles County Museum.

*February 1967*—Ninth Annual Southern California Symposium, Long Beach, Calif.

*June 15-16, 1967*—Conference of California Historical Societies Thirteenth Annual Meeting, Oroville, Calif.

planned to put \$8,000 into his business — and you've guessed it. The other \$8,000 saved the school.

DICK GARRETT, who squires an interesting column in a San Jose newspaper, dug up the story from *Pioneer Life on the Pacific Coast* by J. W. HINES, whose grandson, BILLY HINES, a former San Francisco newspaperman, now lives at Ripon, Calif.

Placerville for reasons obvious once was called Hangtown. And at the Cary House HORACE GREELEY and GENERAL SHERMAN ate an indigenous delicacy known as Hangtown Fry. MIRIAM HENDRICKSON, now of San Francisco's Californian Hotel who grew up at Placerville, provides this recipe for one serving:

"3 strips of bacon fried in skillet; 3 large oysters, breaded and fried; put these on top of bacon; add 2 eggs, beaten, salt and pepper; then

cook like an omelette and turn and serve so bacon and oysters are on top."

Recipes for Hangtown Fries are numerous, we learn from WALTER G. DRYSDALE, secretary-manager of the Chamber of Commerce, but one very similar is still used at Placerville eateries today.

The largest award ever made by the U.S. Indian Claims Commission is for 29.1 millions—but it may be refused by Indians themselves on grounds that it is too small! PURL WILLIS, counselor for the Mission Indian Federation is quoted in the press as saying California Indians would not accept per capita payment, believing the total (representing 47 cents per acre for lands allegedly taken from California Indians a century ago) is too small. RAMONA, where are thou? ALESSANDRO!

Newest recognition of JEDEDIAH SMITH, who for a century was all but overlooked by historians, is a medallion on the middle of three great bronze panels at West Point's new library. They are the creation of LAURA GARDIN FRASER, one of the six honorary lifetime members of the Jedediah Smith Society. In an early issue of the HISTORIAN we hope to have her story of why JED was included in the panels which depict American history from LEIF ERICSON to the Korean conflict.

A reader inquires: "Is there living a boy or man named JEDEDIAH SMITH?" We don't know. If there is, to the person supplying full information we'll send a beautiful full-color reproduction in frangible size of HARVEY DUNN's great painting, "Jedediah Smith in the Dakota Badlands."

— your Editors.

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***THE PACIFIC HISTORIAN***

University of the Pacific  
Stockton, California 95204



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**California History Foundation:** Shortly after inauguration as President of the University of the Pacific in 1947, Dr. Robert E. Burns, himself a historian, started the California History Foundation. First director was the late Dr. Rockwell D. Hunt, previously Dean of the Graduate School of the University of Southern California. Under his genius, it initiated historical tours, the California History Institute now in its 20th year, and the Conference of California Historical Societies. Under Director R. R. Stuart, aided by his late wife, Grace, the Foundation started *THE PACIFIC HISTORIAN* and the Stuart Library of Western Americana.

*Foundation dues are: Annual Sponsor Members, \$5; Contributing Sponsor, \$25; Sustaining Sponsor, \$100. Lifetime Sponsors contribute \$1,000.*



**Jedediah Smith Society:** First American to cross overland to California was intrepid, "Bible-toting," curiosity-pushed Jedediah Strong Smith, and the year was 1826. In the nine years before Comanches got his scalp, at age 32, this capitalistic entrepreneur in beaver peltry had ranged and mapped the West. Though now ranked as an explorer with Lewis and Clark, he was but little known until a sleuthing California newspaperman turned up his journal in Texas. The Jedediah Smith Society, started in 1957, promotes research in Smith and his period—holds a breakfast at the April Institute, and a Fall Rendezvous.

*Annual dues are \$5; Donor, \$25; Patron, \$100. One thousand dollars purchases a Lifetime Membership.*



**Westerners Foundation:** Specific projects to discover and to disseminate knowledge of the Old West keep this organization activated. Founded by Philip A. Danielson, formerly of Evanston, Illinois, but now a resident of the San Francisco Bay area, it has been instrumental in establishing Corrals of The Westerners; in establishing at the University of the Pacific a repository of Westerner periodicals; and publishing *Sun and Saddle Leather*, a book of verse by Badger Clark, South Dakota's late poet laureate. *Members are persons who contribute \$25 or more.*

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